

The Reader

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No. 2

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors Books and the Drama

THE reception accorded THE READER by the public, the press, the publishers, and our friends the newsdealers, has surpassed our utmost expectations. Starting a new magazine is no light matter of work or investment, but it was with a light heart that we made appeal with THE READER. We believed that a large number of readers in America desired a literary magazine as a cheerful companion in their libraries, and would welcome entertaining articles on literary subjects and intelligent and unprejudiced criticism of the representative new books of quality and popularity. We invite from our readers contributions appropriate to our policy.

THE portrait of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero by Mr. Will Rothenstein, which we print as a frontispiece, is as admirable a likeness as was the portrait of Mr. Henry James by the same artist in our November issue. Mr. Rothenstein is invariably successful in conveying the characteristic pose of his subjects, which makes his lithographs far more life-like than the average

photograph. Another successful example of Mr. Rothenstein's genius is the portrait of Aubrey Beardsley, reproduced in this number by permission of Mr. Albert E. Gallatin.

Mr. Pinero would stand out as the leading playwright in England to-day if that epoch-making drama, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," had not been followed by "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" and "The Gay Lord Quex." It would be almost impossible to overestimate the value of Mr. Pinero's influence on the modern English and American drama, while we venture the assertion that no single play has ever been accorded so much comment and discussion as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

THROUGH the generosity of Mr. John Drew, the Harvard Library has secured the entire dramatic library and collection of the late Robert W. Lowe. Mr. Lowe's name is familiar to all who are interested in dramatic literature as the writer and editor of many volumes about the stage.

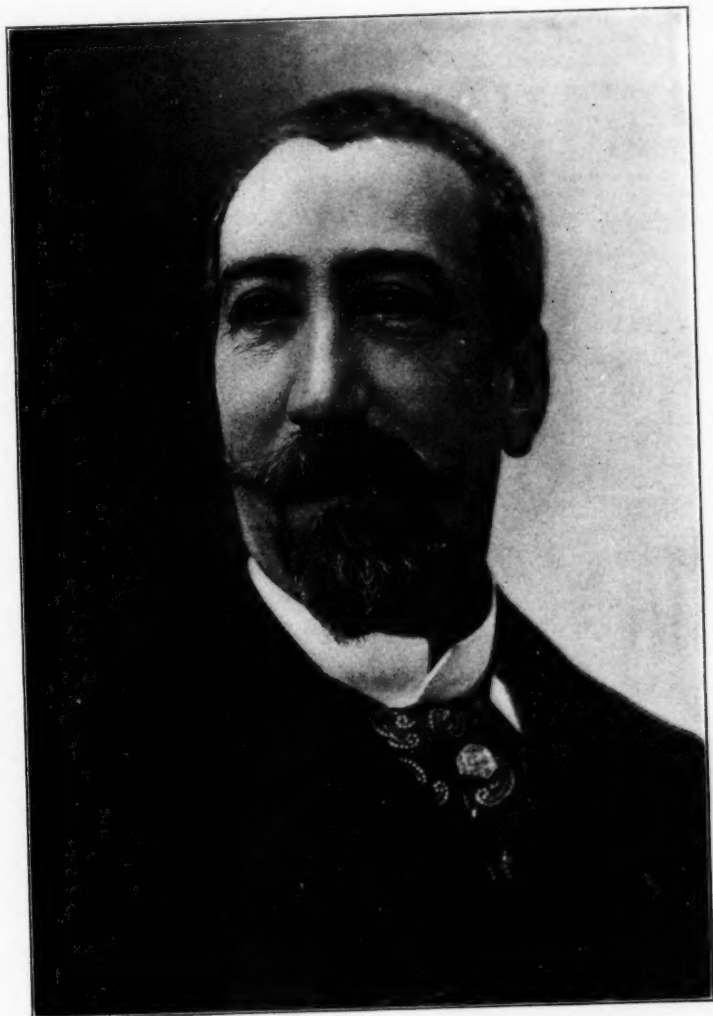
ANATOLE-François Thibault, academician, poet, novelist, and critic—born at Paris, 1844—whose recent speech at Zola's funeral revives interest in his personality and works, is best known to those of us who are unfamiliar with French through three English translations: "The Red Lily," a modern, worldly novel, keenly analytic and containing some wonderfully descriptive passages (Brentano); "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard," a delightfully tender romance (T. Y. Crowell & Company), and "The Curate's Mignonette" (A. Wessels Company), this latter being one of seven fanciful narrations published collectively under the title of "Balthazar." By his contemporaries in literature, this most versatile man of unusual wit is variously designated as "*Académicien d'esprit*," "Voltaire of his epoch," "*fantaisiste*," and, first, last, and always, *dilettante*."

Anatole France first figured in the literary world as poet, among that cot-rie of *Parnassiens*, of the dispassionate pose, which, in 1865, included Sully Prudhomme, François Coppée, de Heredia, Verlaine, and Catulle Mendès, with Leconte de Lisle as their master; this latter, the first of poets to depart from the school of Romanticists. But only in these earlier years, and in certain portions of his "*Nuits Corinthiennes*," has he transmitted the teachings of André Chénier, the *ronsardiste* of the sixteenth century, of whom he was an admiring disciple, and, like him, a *néo-humaniste* in literary taste. Later, as novelist, mysticism and soul-evolution formed the motifs of his stories, and, through these and his critical work, he has been adjudged as both satirist and atheist; but, speaking impassively, he is neither, for his most searching observations are tempered with smiling indulgence of attitude as he watches and analyzes the jumbled pageant of human foibles: and though

such phrases as "When God created the world it was a great crisis in His existence," or "A God being everything, He cannot move in space without endangering the balance of the world," or, again, "The bible, manipulated by theologians, has become a text-book of errors," must fall irreverently on reverent ears, yet they are merely uttered by their author in the spirit of impersonal, generic railleury, by which he is inherently animated.

This author possesses that rare synthetic grasp that comprehends, and presents to view, a man's personality or mannerisms in a single, conclusive phrase that, once heard, clings forever to the unfortunate subject, attached to him as a boldly limned poster placard: a mordaunt that bites into the memory of the reader with the fanged tooth of caustic wit, while the ameliorating elaboration retreats into oblivion. Of Marie Bashkirtseff's memoirs he said: "Their chief merit is the death of their author," and of one of Jules Lemaître's characters: "It is the history of a saint whose tombstone inscription is his greatest virtue." Of Zola he declared, "He does not know how to make his peasants speak in 'La Terre,' since he gives them the loud garrulousness of city-folk:" of Balzac, that he was the "historian of his times and not the novelist." One of his own female characters is described as follows: "She walked without moving her legs; she spoke without moving her lips," a most adequate picture.

The French journal, "Le Temps," published M. France's "Vie Littéraire," wherein his critical acumen glows preëminent; it is a fascinating collection of impressions gathered from his personal environment. In these later years he has amused himself by composing a series of sketches forming an extremely spirituelle, sarcastic, and piquant picture of the customs and opinions of contemporary France.



M. ANATOLE FRANCE

Art, in all its forms, has, for him, a profound charm which he employs all his talent to convey to his readers. An artistic conviction is an object which he polishes, perfects, and sets in jewel shape, in such manner that we may be forced to cherish and admire it. And even should the thought, thus transformed, become no longer the exact image of the object that inspired it, perhaps we should be the enemies of our own enjoyment if we wished it otherwise.

In "*Le Livre de mon Ami*," which has been termed "the very essence of moral grace," Anatole France seems to review his own childhood days: "I am half-way along the road of life. On the hypothesis that the way was equal for all and led towards old age, I knew twenty years ago that I should have to reach this point; I knew it but I did not feel it. Now that I have climbed the hill, I turn my head in order to obtain a view of all the distance I have come, and I would willingly pass the night so, in calling up phantoms. I no longer have confidence in my friend, life, but I love her still."

MR. R. V. Risley, whose portrait is printed on the opposite page, is a writer from whom much may reasonably be expected. Each of his four published books have given evidence of extraordinary power, with flashes of something very like genius. His new novel, "*The Life of a Woman*," is being widely discussed. Mr. Risley was born in New York twenty-eight years ago, but at eighteen he was appointed Secretary to the American Legation in Denmark, living afterward in Paris, Stockholm, and Germany. He is now living in New York, but before very long Paris is likely to claim him for her own, and Mr. Risley will be a willing victim. A more brilliant—and erratic—personality than that of Mr. Risley has not

occurred in American literature for many years.

THE names of many of the Persian poets are well known in this country from the assumption of them by scribblers for newspapers. The celebrated Hafiz has not escaped the contamination, but, though sweet and sublime, these Oriental compositions are not popular"—wrote a critic in a New York publication in 1823, in the strength of his timely convictions. Could the now slumbering penny-aliner revisit us he would stare in amaze at the transition of opinion which guarantees the publishing of continuous new editions of the "contaminated" Persian poets.

Two unusual examples of the Rubāiyat are announced as forthcoming the present season which, from their shadows cast in advance, would seem to indicate special attractions: that to be issued in two editions by Mr. Wieners from Fitzgerald's text, promises ornamental borders and specially designed initial letters by Mr. Louis B. Coley; unilluminated, unless by special order.

J. F. Taylor & Co.'s intended issue contains elaborate title-page and ornamentations of Persian designs in the vivid tones known as "spiritual blue," and the "*Sufi Interpretation*" is given by C. H. A. Bjerregaard, who is now engaged in compiling a remarkable book on Eastern mysticism which will soon be issued.

FROM an historical, if from no other view-point, the special edition of "*The Anti-Slavery Papers*" of James Russell Lowell, announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, has more than ordinary interest. The work will be made up from Lowell's contributions to anti-slavery journals, covering the three years 1847, 1848, and 1849. They are to be issued in two volumes in a limited edition of 525 copies.



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R. V. Risley

W. W. Jacobs, an interview with whom we publish in this issue, and whose portrait appears opposite, has been widely known and appreciated in Great Britain since 1896, when his first book, "Many Cargoes," gave him a deservedly permanent standing in literature. Since then he has published only one volume yearly, but his standards of excellence are all the more likely to endure in that he is sufficiently favored of Fortune not to feel forced into a calamitous state of overproduction for merely material reasons. His methods—though he distinctly disclaims having any—are sure and direct, and his writings pervaded with a wholesome atmosphere.

THE death of Mr. Frank Norris in California, last month, removes from the world of letters a man whose work as a novelist entitles him to a place in the front ranks of American authors. He was in every sense an American; born in Chicago in 1870, and graduating from the California State University in 1894. He was a participant in the lively scenes in the Transvaal and in Cuba, from which experiences he drew many excellent pen pictures. Mr. Norris was a contributor of short stories to the magazines and wrote five novels. They are "McTeague," "Blix," "A Man's Woman," "Moran of the Lady Letty," and "The Octopus."

A FIFTH edition of Richard Burton's book of verse, "Dumb in June," has just been printed by Small, Maynard & Company, of Boston. The Lothrop Publishing Company, of that city, of which house Mr. Burton is now Literary Adviser, will bring out in the spring a new volume of his poetry, embracing his latest contributions to magazine literature and a number of major pieces hitherto unpublished.

THE manner in which "Henry Somerville," author of "Jack Racer" and "Racer of Illinois," baffled her publishers in their efforts to discover her identity is rather in the spirit of a by-gone age, when women writers were regarded with more stern disfavor than in that of the present time, when men and women stand on an equal footing. As Miss Mary Gay Humphreys, the new author was well known to the members of McClure, Phillips & Co., for whom she had long done special work, but under the pseudonym of "Henry Somerville," the pretended resident of Yonkers, with whom all communications were conducted by letter, her identity was for a long time successfully concealed—in fact, until after the appearance of her second story at the beginning of last October. As a result of an urgent request from the publishers for a personal interview previous to the signing of the contract, Miss Humphreys saw herself forced incontinently to ship the fictitious "Henry" West to obliging friends in Ironton, Illinois, through whose intermediation further correspondence was thenceforward conducted, necessitating a sad increase in postage. Finally, following the acceptance of her second book, the author found herself face to face with the photographic problem; but so well did she succeed in disguising herself for the trying ordeal that further suspicion than that regarding sex was not aroused. Wearied at length, however, by the complications of the situation, Miss Humphreys one day shortly after the appearance of "Racer of Illinois," boldly repaired to the Lexington Building in East 25th Street and entered Mr. Phillips's office upon the heels of the boy bearing the card of "Henry Somerville"—and the comedy was at an end. Before these ventures she was well known in her journalistic efforts to help the working classes.



MR. W. W. JACOBS

IN addition to the well-known Lark Series, Mr. Godfrey A. S. Wieners, the successor of Mr. William Doxey, is publishing The Lark Wisdom Series, at the Sign of the Lark, 662 Sixth Avenue, New York, the first issues being "The Wisdom of A. Kempis" and "The Wisdom of Schopenhauer." These flexible little leather and cloth volumes of classics are specially adapted to the purpose of the busy man who seizes grains of wisdom in the odd moments of travelling to and from business, being sized to the pocket and not easily marred, even by the roughest usage, owing to the preparatory process to which the covers have been subjected. The scholarly introductions by Howard V. Sutherland are tiny monographs of the subject-matter.

A SIMPLIFIED form of the unit publishing system, which has already been in existence for a year in London, elaborated from that of Phillip Reclam of Leipzig—founder of the "Universal Bibliothek"—by Mr. Howard Bell, is about to be launched in this country under the title of "American Home Library." The plans of this company provide for an encyclopedic issue of reprints, both copyright and non-copyright, not to be subjected to "a cruel and procrustean docking," but carefully edited by a staff of university men, for the benefit, primarily, of people whose income is limited; the price bears a definite relation to the size of the book, ten pages forming the unit of printed matter. Thus, an issue of three hundred pages, in paper covers, will cost thirty cents, with an additional fifteen cents for cloth bound edition, and forty cents for leather.

If "sinews of war" furnish a criterion wherefrom to prophecy, the unit system publishing scheme, in which one of our recently elected congressmen figures largely as promoter, may be

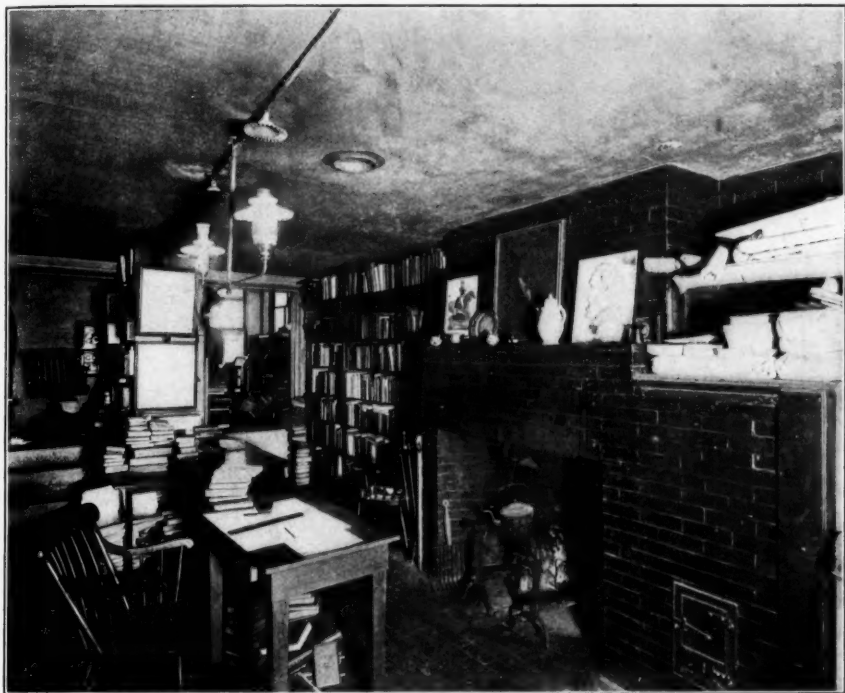
pronounced a success, though, as yet, the American fledgling is still evolving in its gold-lined nest, and will not be in full-winged evidence before April. It is understood that Thomas Nelson Page will act as editor in general, but Mr. Bell is the "ghost" who haunts the abode at all seasons with felt presence.

TWO books that are likely to attract attention in the literary and artistic world are soon to be issued by the A. Wessels Co.: "The Legends of the Iroquois," as chronicled by "The Cornplanter," carefully compiled by William W. Canfield. This is a valuable collection of Indian folk-lore tales, which, if titles are significant, should possess much store of that poetic imagery which is the outward expression of the primeval soul.

"Barbizon Days," by Charles Sprague Smith of Columbia College, deals with the personality of the artists of the Barbizon School, emphasizing the influence of environment upon their creative work, and is especially rich in unique illustrations, from sources that have never before been drawn upon.

THE Boston Public Library has an important addition to its large collection of rare and curious books. This is an early copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays. The thing of particular interest about this special copy is that it contains the following verse inscribed by James I.:

"Here lyeth I nakit to the anatomie
Of my fraill hairt, o humane devitie
O trust the Almychtie, lyk the Al-
mychtie's word
Oh put on me thy robe as guhylom
lord
Thou putest once more me in thy blest
beliefe
And in my souill thy secretst law en-
grave."



DOWN three foot-worn steps, through a narrow old doorway, and we've dipped from the world of glistening new books into a shadowy atmosphere of old prints, rare first editions, large paper poets, etc.—“The Mecca for Bostonians and all others interested in the rare and curious in literature.” This is Goodspeed's Book Shop, or, as he calls it, “Our Old Home Corner”—of which the accompanying picture conveys an adequate impression, save that the interior retreats into a dim-lit region unilluminated by its front windows that level with the street, while age has imparted a fitting, lore-toned dinginess that harmonizes with the lettered past which swathes and sheets us round in this centre for bibliophiles.

That this is the basement of one of Josiah Quincy's old houses; that the building has never been remodelled; and that the blackened fireplace (in which

the fire, fed mostly by *débris* printed matter, is seldom extinguished) has erst enfolded in its circling glow the fair forms that now endure in faded printe, still further enhances the charm of this ancient-tomed corner, haunted alike by the book-miser, with store of gold, and that larger class of book-lovers to whom the purchase of one rare print or a dainty Book of Hours means pathetic self-denial—of creature luxuries at least, and perhaps of necessities even. This fevered hunger of the bibliophile, which may only be appeased by the flavor of parchment and must-scented volume, who can understand that is not a-kinned by nature? Within these narrow walls one feels a-bosom with a goodly store of such Bookes as indeed form a substitute for dispelled illusions.

Runs the sign afore the door: “Anything that's a Book.”

MISS Gertrude Smith, whose fifth baby book, "The Lovable Tales of Janey and Josey and Joe," follows her "Roggie and Reggie Stories," from Messrs. Harper and Brothers, has gone from Boston to the South for her third winter in Atlanta. Since "Arabella and Araminta" this successful friend of repetitious infancy has also published "The Wonderful Stories of Jane and John" and "The Boo-Boo Book." Her latest story for girls and boys who are old enough to read their own books is "The Queen of Little Barrymore Street," published by Messrs. Fleming H. Revell & Company.

THE story is interesting of the manner in which E. P. Dutton & Co. acquired the American rights of George Gissing's latest book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which they will soon issue. The book was not brought to the notice of the two representatives of the firm who were recently in England until the evening preceding their departure for home, when, seemingly, it was too late for a decision to be reached as to its availability for their purposes. An unbound proof-copy, however, was given them by the English publishers, and on reaching Queenstown, after spending the night in reading the book, they telegraphed back to London their willingness to undertake its publication in this country. The book is peculiar, belonging neither to the order of novels nor essays. What little story it contains is essentially autobiographic in atmosphere, at least. It is the rambling diary of the closing year in the life of a professional writer who throughout his career has constantly hovered between success and failure, but to whom a windfall, in the nature of a legacy, has come in late middle life. All young persons who are contemplating, or who are drifting into, literature as a profes-

sion will do well to read the book, and especially to ponder this remark anent the body of neophytes, and which we can easily believe to be spoken from the fulness of Mr. Gissing's experience: "They will hang on to the squalid profession, their earnings eked out by begging and borrowing, until it is too late for them to do anything else—and then? With a lifetime of dread experience behind me, I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to 'literature' commits no less than a crime."

MISS Bertha Runkle, who two years ago achieved phenomenal success with her initial story, "The Helmet of Navarre," but who has followed it up thus far by no second effort, is soon to start for California. She is contemplating in the immediate future a trip to Japan. Miss Runkle has put the finishing touches to a fresh novel, whose scene is laid in France at a period slightly prior to that of her earlier story. It will first appear in serial form.

PEOPLE may or may not enjoy Dickens. They may call him great, or they may belittle him, but it is a fact that he is the most popular author in the English language. The statement is made by Chapman & Hall, the English publishers of Dickens, that the annual sales of his works have, for years, reached the enormous figures of 250,000 copies annually. Of the individual works "Pickwick" is in the lead and "David Copperfield" comes second. One wonders, or one really doesn't wonder, what will be the sale of the present popular books fifty years from now. Though no one is really able to say what will last, it is safe to say that none of the books which, for the last two or three years, have reached such tremendous sales will be selling at all in fifty years.



AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Aubrey Beardsley as a Designer of Book-Plates

BY ALBERT E. GALLATIN

NO artist showed greater versatility in his work than Aubrey Beardsley. His designs include illustrations for many of the classics, scenes from the operas, posters, portraits, purely decorative drawings, drawings keenly satirical, caricatures, book-covers, title-pages, book-plates. Knowing that he was a musical prodigy, an amateur actor, the writer of considerable prose and poetry of much merit, and that his knowledge of books was very great, we may say that variety shown in his work was a reflection of the versatility of the artist.

The really essential view-point for considering Beardsley's drawings is the purely technical one of the artist and the connoisseur. The decorative qualities in his work have never been surpassed by any artist whose work has been in black and white. Beardsley is primarily an "artist's artist," and the qualities of his wonderful and beautiful line and perfect arrangement of his masses are the elements in his work which will make it immortal. The æsthetic qualities in his drawings are not those which mean mere popularity. It is true his drawings had a greater vogue than those of any other artist of his age, but just why they had seems difficult of explanation, unless, as one critic holds, his ignoring of perspective and proportion, and his freedom, to a certain extent, of convention,

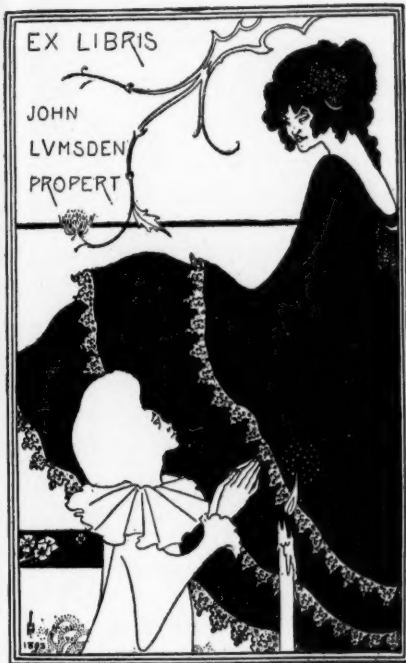
caused his works to meet with a *succès de scandale*.

It seems strange that Beardsley is not better known than he is as a designer of *Ex Libris*. In what I suppose may be called an exhaustive and monumental work, "Artists and Engravers of British and American Book-Plates," by Henry W. Fincham, about 5,000 book-plates by more than 1,500 artists are catalogued. Mr. Fincham, however, only knew of the plate Beardsley designed for John Lumsden Propert.

While it is true that Beardsley designed but comparatively few book-plates, this phase of his art is a very interesting one. Not taking rank with his very finest work, his book-plates compare very favorably with the best examples of the Pictorial style of plate.

The first book-plate Beardsley designed was the one for Dr. John Lumsden Propert, the famous collector of miniatures. It was designed in 1893, as we can see from the date on the drawing placed beneath the artist's signature device. The plate is a characteristic example of one of Beardsley's various manners—the phase of his work in which he delighted in depicting pierrots and candles guttered by unseen gusts of air.

Another book-plate designed by Beardsley at this time was merely one of his elaborate border designs for "Le



DESIGNED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY



DESIGNED BY R. ANNING BELL



DESIGNED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Morte d'Arthur" (1893-4), converted into an *Ex Libris*. The late Gleeson White made note of this, in a paragraph or so devoted to Beardsley's book-plates in his essay on British book-plates. This is all the data he gave, and I am unable to add to this meagre information. In the same way Mr. White listed a *Savoy* prospectus made into a plate. There were two *Savoy* prospectuses and they were printed in 1895. Unlike several other drawings made into book-plates, these two may be authorized, says Mr. White. Another design of this nature I know of, which has never been mentioned in print, is the drawing "The Scarlet Pastoral" with "The Book-plate of H. F. W. Manners-Sutton" written on it. I do not know whether this was added by Beardsley or not.

Aside from its value as a book-plate, Beardsley's "*Ex Libris* Olive Custance" is perhaps the most notable of his minor drawings. As a book-

plate it is certainly a most charming one.

The drawing entitled "Aubrey Beardsley's Book-plate," reproduced in the first "Book of Fifty Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley," is in reality no book-plate at all. It is even doubtful if Beardsley ever used it as such.

Gleeson White, in the essay I have already referred to, speaks of book-plates designed by Beardsley for Alais-ter Crowley and Gerald Kelly, adding that they have not been reproduced—probably using this word as meaning published. A short time ago I came into possession of these plates, and find they are reproductions of the portrait of Madame Rêjane drawn by Beardsley in 1893, and reproduced on page 78 of "The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley" (1899) and of the drawing representing Flosshilde (1896). To these drawings have been added, with a pen, "Ex Libris Alais-ter Crowley" and "Gerald Kelly."

Carpe Diem

BY HENRY PEABODY

"GIVE me a book," cried youth, "bright as a butterfly;
Each page a love-song, teaching me to live."
"Nay," said old age, "I prithee thou wouldst give
To me a volume, teaching me to die."

Zola

BY R. V. RISLEY

ZOLA is dead.

What end more fitting could be imagined—to die sordidly of the fumes of a common stove? Could any more appropriate death have been asked by the bourgeois giant of "the low department" of literature?

His body is buried in Montmartre; it is right that he should be splendidly interred in the gutter of Parnassus.

"L'Assommoir" to "Vérité." What a career!

No man since Balzac has had the bravado to dare attempt such splendid toil as that laboriously achieved by Zola in the series of the "Rougon-Macquart." If this vast study in heredity had failed of public recognition, the huge audacity of the conception would have loomed colossal upon the memory of literary time.

Zola is coarse. In his coarseness lies his greatness—his repellent memorability.

Zola is the heart of the gutters and garrets; a soul unanimated by imagination; an abnormally inspirited power endowed with indomitable curiosity.

Stooping, broad-breasted, slow, inquisitive, peering restlessly through constantly readjusted glasses, delectably sniffing the severally characteristic odors of the streets, eyeing the by-ways, noting each of the multitudinous traits of the teeming life of the people—he plodded the streets of the world, a figure of sordid, momentous, and

tragic force, the photographer of the slums, the prowler of the roofs.

Truth, nude, is venomous; she becomes dangerous to illusion, infuriated against dreams; this is the power of Zola—the wrath of the reality, that grovels, shaking clenched hands at the beautiful. Zola possesses not even the obscene grin of the lewd Silenus. Zola is the apotheosis of mediocrity, a culmination of the ordinary.

There are, in the last analysis of the world's moods, but two spirits existent under the ages forever—the spirit of illusion and the spirit of realism.

We need not here enter into the questions of religion and patriotism *versus* science and tolerance; it is enough to realize the existence of the two mental conditions and their effect on literature; the first making for beauty and pleasure, and, therefore, for the ease of conservatism; the second for analysis and creation, being, thus, either in the nature of a revolt or an acceleration. These two spirits, in their application to human life, are, naturally, inter-reactionary, each mutually producing taste and responding to it, and, thus, each combating and spurring the other.

It is, perhaps, the growing turmoil of this sub-mental conflict which has raised literature out of a library career into the most diverse of the professions.

The combat between writing for the sake of chronicle, workmanship, or entertainment and writing for the sake of discovery, elucidation, or exposition

culminated in the first quarter of the century in a classification as yet hardly appreciated.

We must differentiate according to motive where the two great schools of the Romantic and the Realist are born from the century-worn Classic, the first as a reaction, the second along the lines of inevitable development.

The Romantic school is a protest; the Realist is a growth. These two schools practically occupy the fictional field; the spirit of the Classic is retreated to the essay, and to those few books still written for the sake of style—an old-fashioned motive now recognized as a means instead of an end.

History presents two dominant examples of a leap of progress, one in religious thought, one in political affairs—the Reformation and the French Revolution. But the spirit of Modernity—this spirit of scientific and incredulous investigation—did not outwardly arise in literature until it stirred in Stendhal and Balzac in Realism; in Hugo in Romanticism.

We may divide the writers of fiction (among whom are necessarily included those men whose work takes the form of the drama) into four classes, placing them on their respective levels—it is unnecessary to remark that the mental pyramid thus formed grows smaller toward the top.

In the fourth class we would place that multitude of fiction producers who take their cue from the taste of the times, supplying the appetite of the public with dishes more or less excellently cooked and served according to their ability as caterers or garnishers.

In the third class we would place those clever and competent writers whose aim is to win the esteem of the "cultivated" classes rather than the indiscriminate and hardly complimentary applause of that multitude who take their literature as they take their meals, and whose analyzed preferences

are those only of others. These gentlemen of literature are not great, but they are skilful and intelligent, and their books are educative and preparatory.

In the second class we would place those few intellectual writers who appeal to men's possibilities rather than to men's desires, those fore-sighted realizers of conditions and comparisons whose books may be stories but are always studies. Such a man is Tolstoi, who, in spite of a tractarianism irrelevant enough to ruin a lesser writer, teaches, uplifts, and enlightens consciously, because he observes unconsciously.

In the first class we would place those very few who are as the gods, their imaginations informed without experience; faulty in method it may be, for that is another thing, but always momentous in detail or generality. These men, whom the centuries produce grudgingly, possess the equanimity of those who understand.

The difference between France and England—a difference not alone in temperament and conviction but in institutions, custom, and procedure—besides in the difference between two sets of words—"Right and Wrong" *versus* "Good and Bad." The Anglo-Saxon blood has not yet emancipated itself into a condition of mental freedom; their odd impedimenta of physical morality clog the feet of the gayety of the race. The French are debonnair because they realize instinctively that there are few things worthy of seriousness.

In England, especially, there seems to prevail an impression—one doubtless derived from the Druids—that morality, which includes the reverse, is "taboo" in literature. No other inquiry could, by any possibility, cast more light upon the acute provincialism of this point of view than the investigation of the etymology of the above Tahitian word.

Literature has one business and one business only. That business is truth. This is not the truth of the high nor the low, nor of the terrible nor the lovely, nor of the hideous nor of the disgusting. Literature is the pen of time, and her business is life.

To move, to provoke, to inform, to please, to warn, to tempt, to deter, to force or persuade laughter or sorrow, to sound upon the strings of men's souls every chord to which the spirit of humanity vibrates—to cry through the ages the eternal, insistent, incessant cry of this world of women and men—this is the business of literature—and there is naught upon this earth which can be alien to her mission.

Nature knows nothing impure. Literature is nature—with a soul.

A prudish Puritanism lies at the root of that vast cowardice which afflicts such otherwise stalwart races as those of Germany, England, and America—this peculiar pusillanimity has had the effect of producing an unconscious hypocrisy which exhibits itself in ways fortunately as little destructive as instructive; its results are merely negative. It will, no doubt, be always remembered of the Anglo-Saxons, that, even under such a handicap upon their freedom of conception, they have succeeded in producing a more than honorable proportion of momentous writers.

The reason of the preëminence of France in literature lies in her condition of liberty of emotion; her writers recognize no limitations of subject save such as are imposed by the art and science of their trade. In France the "Literary Man" is literary; and, as said, literature includes, as it must, all life; which is all truth; which is Realism—at the head of one branch of which, Naturalism, stands the figure of Zola, dominating the clique he created.

Emile Zola was born upon the 4th of April, 1840. His father was that

Italian engineer who built so many of the canals of Northern France.

Zola's mother was French.

When the child was seven the father died, leaving, in consequence of various audacious ventures, many debts and little wherewith to pay them.

When the young Zola was twelve he was sent to the great school at Aix. He was not a good student, being too good a reader; he knew the poets before he knew fractions; history before he understood grammar.

One may almost say that it is only the empty man who can be filled. It is difficult to put anything more into a full bucket; and, if one has succeeded in doing this, it is not because the extraneous matter has been thrown in; it has been pressed in; Zola refused tyranny.

In 1857 he was brought back to Paris to enter the Lycée de Saint Louis, from which he was graduated, two years later, without having gained even the "degree."

The mother went to her people in the provinces. The boy retired to a Paris garret.

The garrets of Paris are female; the illicit offspring of these drabs of the cosmopolitanism of Modernity is criminality or genius—seldom the Purgatory of the medium.

One wonders if it was from this time that he resurrected the details of that splendidly restrained epitome of gluttony, which we know as "Le Ventre de Paris"; or, in English, as the "The French Market-Girl."

We may have some idea of a slim figure plodding its way from Montmartre to les Halles; of a pale young man issuing meditatively, glancing sideways, from some café of the "barrières," counting the sous remaining for dinner.

We dream that such days are done—those drear days that killed Chatterton—those low, mean, miserable hours

which afflict the men who are not yet great.

There is some violent necromancy of the senses which swerves man's imagination. Fact is merely a matter of degree.

The secret of the life of Zola will not be revealed; he who is dead could not have told it, for he did not know. We cannot discover such secrets—for all great men are, in themselves, other men whom they do not know.

We wonder what those years of package-wrapping clerkship meant to him—even after his prosperity had graduated into "Hachette et Cie," which firm gave him his first chance; the chance which failed—the "Sœur des Pauvres."

The man of "La Terre," of "Nana," of "l'Assommoir"—what terrible distinction!

The frontiers of the warring countries of our minds vary shadowily; imagined memories slip; and most memories become imaginary.

In these slow years; these years which rest, merely reduplicatively prolific, respiring tiredly after the great breath that literature drew in the first half of the nineteenth century—in this weary generation—Zola is both a survival and a prophecy. He is the survival of that era which will be hereafter known as that in which mental emancipation was new; the prophecy of the days when literature, having discarded both the rose-leaf spectacles of the optimist and the blue glasses of the pessimist, will stand clear-eyed, bare of all motives save creative truth.

Zola is, indeed, "the Observer of the slums." He minimized his imagination. His literary method is accumulative; never eliminative. The tolerant hands of his mind gathered the refuse of debasement; he threw the garbage of the world in the face of that world which has caused it.

His "Rougon-Macquart" series is more than a study in heredity; it is an

essay on social slavery—on the unreluctant—against tyranny which, by the will of inevitable necessity, compels the fool to be handicapped. There is no other permanent tragedy in life save this—this piteous and ridiculous cruelty of "natural selection."

Zola was not a Realist; he represented a branch of Realism. He has no sense of romance, no capacity for idealization, none of that delectable delight in the delicacies of his ability which mark the literary artist. Zola is, in literature, two things—photographer and tradesman. He presents to you a picture of the back-yard of our soul—and says, "this will cost you ten hypocrisies!"

Commonplace as the turned sod—from the furrows which these books have ploughed across the field of literature arise the portentous steams of a volcano. Zola has delved in the dirt of time—but from the wounds made by the spade of his mind there drops a blood more deadly than the sweat of classic effort. Zola is significant.

Realism is an instinct of the intellect; it means search—search for what exists, for what is—in matter, as in man's mind. No writer has written importantly without it.

There are, in literature, two motifs and many manners—also, a few methods. The motifs are, story or people.

One man produces for the sake of the plot; the other composes that he may exhibit the creatures of the world—sometimes of a world created by himself. Neither is the case with Zola. Zola created nothing. Zola saw.

The manner of his gathering of detail for his "Débâcle"—that frictional index of the follies of a heart-breakingly incompetent campaign—is superb in its tireless unostentation.

The book drags. The little tackhammers of repetitionary instances tap continuously on your brain; but, upon your memory, the sum of their separate,

tiny forces leaves the effect of the blow of a sledge.

His later work shows signs of exhaustion. His great series was finished. The "lode" was "worked out." "Lourdes" treads with the step of a stampeded hippopotamus; "Rome" is a mere recapitulation; "Fécondité" is the moral theorism of the middle-class respectable tradesman; "Labor" is tired to the point of ineffectiveness; and "Truth," at present appearing serially in "l'Aurore," will not increase a fame which needs no increasing.

The impression prevails that the realistic literary man has no family life. This is true of that type of Balzacian men who have risen above gregarious instincts.

In Zola it was the capacity of commonplaceness that made him applicable. His heart-strings struck flat.

In his later life he looked like an affluent green-grocer. He pattered along the streets, sniffing, with his bestial nose, the familiar aroma of the vegetable-strewn gutters, the sweet smell of the steaming fumes of the chocolate-venders, the languid perfume of the wilted roses cut before sunrise and now lying prone in the afternoon light, exhaling their last life in the waft of a scent.

"L'Assommoir" is brutish; it suspires all of the disgusting filths of vice; but it breathes! "L'Assommoir" is ineradicably true.

"La Terre" is bestial; a neurotic essay which uses as its material people without nerves.

"Nana" is obscene; undangerous because of its repulsive veracity.

The "Débâcle" is a masterpiece of restraint of mood. But the others are tired; inexpressibly tired!

The very weariness of Zola ridicules its fatigue and leans on the echo of a brazen laughter—the memory of an impregnable stubbornness.

Zola is never dramatic; which at least saves him from the literarily mortal sin of degeneration into the theatric or the tableauxque. Zola was hopelessly literal; the lovers of romance look in vain to him for ecstasy or terror; they find only the horrible and the dull.

The mind of Zola is a flat island crowded with the tenements of a disreputable suburb—jammed multitudinously with unroofed crime and vice.

Lacking the breadth of Balzac to perceive that life is as high as it is low—and broader than either dimension—Zola delved; but he dug deep.

He will not live as the rescuer of Dreyfus; that deliberate bravado was incidental.

He will be memorable as a grim and implacable spirit which withstood the ebb of a tide of literature—a man who endured, and forced victory—a man who, hooted into fame, bore it as simply as he wore it.

Student of Stendhal, apostle of Balzac, protégée of Flaubert, colleague of Hugo, patron of de Maupassant, model for all of the naturalistic writers of Europe, Zola receives the compliment of the admiration, whether respectful or otherwise, of every man who writes.

The clan of the pen stands at salute!

On Living Down a Book

BY KENNETH BROWN

I.

The Returned Virginian and Her Temerity.

"Virginians are," said the Returned Virginian to me, and then she said things that I would never dare say—would never dare repeat, even with quotation and double quotation marks; for I am the Northern Scum, and I know it; and the blueness of Virginia's blood may be seen through the thinness of her skin.

"When I used to live here," the Returned Virginian went on, "I used to believe—" and she told me the things she used to believe—the things Virginians believe about Virginia. "Now I can see that—" and she told me what she could see. "But because I do thus and so, when I am at home, my sisters think that I am—" and she used an awful word, a word that had been applied to the hero of our book, and which had damned him utterly; for no Virginian is stingy, whatever else he may be.

We were reminiscencing, the Returned—I had almost said "Reformed"—Virginian and I, with considerable pleasure and pride. Had I not been the one to give her my moral support, when all the world was advising her to stay in her sphere? And was not she the one who had gone and dared and conquered? So we both felt pleased with, and proud of her. But when she said the things she said, and uttered the opinions she uttered, I

caught my breath, and looked about for the great she-bears to come to devour her. "Heavens!" I cried, "supposing anyone should hear you!" I forgot for the moment that she was a Virginian, and that the bears only come to outlanders.

She laughed gleefully. "Doesn't it make them angry!" she cried, with a temerity which showed she had never written a realistic novel of Virginia; "I told my sisters this afternoon—" and she told me what she had told them.

At length I rose to go. The moon had long sunk beneath the horizon, and I had a good many long miles to ride home.

"You promised to send me your book," she said reproachfully.

Now I think she was mistaken in this, since I had carefully abstained from such promises, hoping that at least our friends—unpauperized by us—would buy it; but our reminiscencing had been too pleasant, and I answered with fervor: "I will send it to-morrow." I was the more willing because she had said many of the things we had only intimated in the book, and I counted on her sympathy at a time when sympathy was strangely lacking.

II.

The Inconsistency of the Returned Virginian.

I saw the Returned Virginian again a week later. She spoke first:

"If I hadn't known that you would not care a scrap, I would have taken your old book with the tongs and carried it out and put it in the kitchen stove," she said.

As a matter of fact, I should have cared considerably at such a fate for the book; but a reputation for insensibility is sometimes as useful as insensibility itself. I laughed carelessly, although I was not a little taken aback at her attitude.

"You mustn't lay it all on me," I said. "Give Boone his share." At times the dual authorship of the book is considerable comfort.

She entirely ignored Boone; the old saying was true in this case: absence of body was better than presence of mind.

"Do you know I could have killed you for describing Virginians as you did. To take some of the most honored names in Virginia and drag them in the dust!"

"They didn't seem so very dusty when we got through with them," I defended myself. "And we didn't begin to say as hard things about them as you said last week."

"I don't care if you didn't: you wrote them."

"What difference does that make?" I protested feebly, though I knew only too well. The sacredness of print is a curious phenomenon in Virginia. You may tell a person things to his face, you may say them behind his back, and get into no more hot water than is good for moral cleanliness; but let you put only a whisper in print and you are fairly scalded. In a gently philosophic way I pointed this out to her, and tried to argue the matter. "Now you have been living in the land of yellow journals for some years, where print is most recklessly flung about, and most callously received; yet you haven't been back in Virginia two weeks before print has recovered all its old-time sacredness."

"H'm!" said the Returned Virginian—there was no longer any temptation to call her Reformed—with manifest disinclination to let her wrath at me be shunted off into a philosophic discussion of local differences.

"You know Virginians are fundamentally very much like other people," I went on soothingly. "There are certain superficial earmarks to them, as to every provincial people"—the Returned Virginian winced at the "provincial," although she had used "countrified" herself several times—"but you, like all Virginians, have formed a literary ideal of Virginia, and any departure from that meets with your instant disapproval; although you know as well as I that the Mars-Chan, moonlight Virginia isn't the daylight Virginia at all, however true it may have been the night before."

III.

The Virginia Book That is Not to Offend.

Another week passed, and again I was sitting beneath the walnut trees in the Returned Virginian's house yard, and looking off across the corn-field to the Blue Ridge, cutting off the rays of the setting sun. Just as it was becoming imperative on me to make up my mind whether to take my departure, in order to reach home in time for supper, or to accept the invitation, tacitly understood, to stay on here for the next meal, I pulled a MS. from my pocket and unfolded it with elaborate care.

"What have you there?" she asked with interest.

"This is a new leaf I am turning over."

"You'll have to turn over several," she said severely; "a whole book, in fact." It was the first unpleasant reference of the day.

"Oh, we're going to," I answered eagerly. "The hero, Lindenbaum Spaghetti——"

"What a fool name!" she interrupted.

"Oh! do you think so?" I could not keep the disappointment out of my tone. "I thought it could hurt nobody's feelings. No honored Virginia name would be dragged in the dust. And he would fall in love with the beautiful and aristocratic Miss Splatdash."

The Returned Virginian laughed.

"And can you imagine how he wins her?" I went on, encouraged. "She spurns him at first, of course; but he takes up the business—dedicates his life to the profession—of washing buggies. Think of it! In that way we are enabled to have every buggy in the book washed without violating any of the eternal verities. At first we were going to give every person in the book a bran new trap—so new it hadn't even needed a washing; for farm work is often so pressing that it simply can't be done—but this way is much better."

"What is the rest of the plan?" she asked.

"Well, we haven't decided everything yet; but we shall go strong on footnotes and affidavits. When a character says 'me' instead of 'I,' we will put in, for the benefit of certain reviewers, that we know it's not grammatical, only the character is careless. And there will be affidavits that refined Southern ladies do use "sun-up" occasionally; also that married women have been known to flirt. Indeed, we have thought of having two editions: one for the North, with what the North expects, and one for the South, with what the South expects. There is no use in offending sectional prejudices when you can avoid it so simply as this."

What reply the Returned Virginian was framing for me I do not know. At this moment someone called her from

the house. She answered with the odd Virginian "Whu!" so much more musical than "What?" for answering a call; and then left me.

In the angle of the black walnut tree's roots I gradually dozed off, as I waited, waking now and again to brush off things of legs and curiosity that clambered over me. The sky was blue and the grass was green—it had been a summer of plenteous rainfall—and the warmth filtered down to me through the broad-bending tree in an exactly comfortable degree. I don't know how long I stayed thus in a semi-comatose state, when suddenly I seemed to be on my feet, with every faculty alert. And the world seemed vivified as much as I. The sky was bluer and the grass greener than before. In my veins the blood leapt.

I wondered what it all meant, while bluer yet became the sky, greener the grass, and more boisterously flowed my blood. "This is mighty curious," I said to myself; "there must be a woman at the bottom of it."

Even as I spoke, *She* came up the path; and then indeed did my poor faculties fly from me, as iron filings from the electro-magnet when the current is turned off; and down upon the earth I prostrated myself. Ah! if I could only describe *Her* to you: describe her luminous eyes, her willowy figure, her naturally curly hair, her dress of some clinging white stuff! Alas, I was grovelling at her feet, and by intuition rather than by sight I knew her teeth to be dazzlingly white as the Sozodont lady's; her dimples to be playing hide-and-seek upon a cheek that Packer's Cutaneous Charm could not improve; her— But what poor words of mine can do justice to her fascinations? Let me not try, lest I profane the vision.

I don't know how long I lay there grovelling. It may have been a minute, it may have been eternity.

At last I scrambled to my knees—knees seemed the appropriate place to stop—and saw that she was regarding me out of those divine eyes with the incurious look one bestows on common sights.

What words of an orator did I not then long for, that I might interest her? What deeds of daring would I not have done to win a smile? Alack! the blue-blue sky and the green-green grass offered no deeds for doing; the words of the orator were far from my tongue. "Who are you?" was all my faltering lips could frame.

"I am the Virginia Heroine," she replied, with rebuke in her voice at my not recognizing her instantly.

"Forgive!" I faltered; "I have never seen you before. Where, oh, where do you stay? I have lived in Virginia some years, and I have known some girls—Virginia girls——"

She looked at me with such pitying compassion that I stopped confused.

"I'm afraid you don't read," she said with quiet rebuke; "and you look rather intellectual, too. You could easily have met me before, if you had looked in the right places"—did she resent my lack of looking? The thought sent a throb through my heart. "I expect you're one of those sordid realists I've heard about—I never before saw one. You must be awfully lacking in imagination, and faith, and—and—nice words."

"Nice words?" I echoed stupidly.

"Yes. Every other man I ever met would have told me before now how much he loved me—or else he would have been too much moved to speak, which is pleasanter yet. I'm not used to have men *argue* with me, the way you do."

This seemed to me unfair: to call my few words arguing. "And my emotion when I first saw you!" I urged. "You know I fell prostrate—I'm on my knees now," I added convincingly.

"Of course: where else should you be?"

There seemed to be no appropriate answer to this.

"I am out for a walk this afternoon," the Virginia Heroine continued; "you may get on your feet and come with me. I never expect them to walk on their knees."

I scrambled up and tried to brush the grass stains from my knees. She watched me with an amused narrowing of the eyes.

"What's the use of that?" she asked. "Everybody will know you have been there."

Her frank enjoyment of the situation was infectious, and somehow one did not in the least mind having it known that one was her victim. I looked down at my green knees with a kind of pride; then up at her: "Oh, why did I not know you before!" I cried.

"Yes, they all say that," she assented with a touch of complacency.

"I did not mean it quite that way. I was thinking of Art and things. You know we wrote a book, my brother-in-law and I, and I see now why so many of them—the Virginians—'reared back on their hind legs' and said we were a 'turgid river flowing through muddy banks,' and had no soul, and were unworthy of a position as door-mat to a respectable jail."

"I have heard about it," she answered sweetly. "You were so busy riding and farming and visiting and dancing that you never came near me. You thought real people were good enough. I *knew* you'd be sorry some day."

"We felt quite hurt about it," I continued, "and thought of dedicating our next book To those severe Virginian critics of ours who do not approve of our Drawing the Things as we see Them for the God of Things as They Are, but I see now we'd better not."

"Certainly not. That would make them madder than ever."

"Don't you suppose we shall ever recover?" I asked anxiously. "A book seems to be harder to live down than a penitentiary record. A man may sow a large crop of wild oats and no one thinks they'll come up. Perhaps it is owing to the proverbial pessimistic tendency in farming. But a book," I went on gloomily, "is different. In the first place, there is the book as a whole to live down. Then there are all the people who imagine they've been put in it. That isn't so bad, because they generally pick out the nicest characters for themselves. Then, worst of all, there are the people who pick out their friends and relatives as being put in: they're awful, because they always choose the very worst characters in the book. Then there's the outraged pride of locality! It doesn't help to choose a place miles from where you live: all your neighbors insist you are depicting them and their neighborhood. We

might just as well have said 'Albemarle' in the beginning, although Albemarle, as everyone knows, is the garden spot of the earth, where all the men pay their debts—except me—and all the women are good as they are beautiful, and all the horses are sixteen hands high, and all the carriages well washed. We might as well have said Charlottesville as Eastover, although Charlottesville has a whole block of vitrified brick pavement, and the blacksmith's cow does not roam the streets—at least not very often," I broke off, a guilty flush reddening my cheeks.

She looked at me with real compassion for my misery. "Why can't you cultivate the higher side of your nature? Look into my eyes, and tell me if you can see anything sordid in Virginia."

"But Truth?" I faltered, not daring to do as she bid.

"I am greater than Truth," she answered proudly. "Truth follows me, not I Truth."

The Circle of Song

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

MY song, it cannot always be the new—
 A gem that bubbles from a fountain spring
 Through all the ages hidden from the few
 That tarry in the rarer heights to sing;

For it must be that if I sing the song
 Of peace and war, and beauty, love and hate,
 Some echoes I shall overtake ere long—
 For many hearts are born in duplicate.

The Making of Contributors

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Of The Boston Evening Transcript

WHEN you saw them play "Cyrano de Bergerac," they fought a resounding battle at the end of the fourth act. You looked at your programme and perceived that fifteen years would elapse before the beginning of Act Five. Then up went the curtain upon the fifth act, and out poured the faint blue smoke of the battle fought fifteen years before! You marvelled. And likewise do I at this moment; for scarce have I begun to write of the making of contributors when I find the air heavy with the fumes of an old, old controversy. And tell me, how shall I make plain the recruiting and disciplining of young writers by the "magazine" department of the daily newspaper unless I first clear away that murky fallacy which regards the city editor as the heaven-sent maker of contributors? For—honestly now—did ever a city editor turn reporters into authors? Reporters, I grant, have indeed become authors, but—bless you!—twas never by merit of any city editor's suzerainty and overlordship. Rather was it in spite of all the city editor's virtuous intentions; rather did it illustrate afresh the uses of adversity.

For the city editor writes on his heart three golden desiderata: the first, Reliability; the second, Reliability; the third, Reliability. And this worldkin of ours is so constituted that conventional, mediocre, soulless pencilling

can be got for the bidding—despite haste or confusion or any let or hindrance whatsoever; whereas individuality, brilliancy, beauty, wit, and personal charm wait ever on the grace of circumstance. Valiant reporting—prompt, clear, accurate—what right-minded city editor will sacrifice this in the chase of the Will-o'-the-Wisp called Literature? Then out upon genius! A truce to art! A pitiless dirk-thrust for efforts at authorship! Better a commonplace certitude than the flitter-winged possibility of something splendid. Art is long, and the presses won't wait.

No, the presses won't wait. It is weekly or semi-weekly, not daily, journalism that makes contributors. Call him what you will—Sunday editor, supplement editor, or "magazine" editor—it is he and not the city editor who "lives at ease in the midst of wonders," seeing authorship come to fruition the while he seeks and trains and learns to love each newest "new man." Here, I do assure you, sirs, is the true recruiting station and drill-ground of letters. When the newspaper entered the field of the magazine, and entered to abide, then for the first time did journalism become a happy highway to literature; and now, if you will stop and think a moment, you will see that this is necessarily so. Grasp the situation as it affects the editor and you grasp the situation as it affects the writer.

Here, let us say, am I, editing "magazine features" for the Wednesday and Saturday issues of a daily paper, while yonder, not five squares away, sits Mr. Blank—editing twelve splendid issues a year for a leading monthly. Question: to compete with Mr. Blank or not to compete with Mr. Blank? I may, God willing, employ the same authors, treat the same subjects, enforce the same standards; but what shall it profit me if I but duplicate in a daily newspaper what is already superbly attained in a monthly review? Desired, then, a distinct opportunity; and, thanks to the semi-weekly publication dates, that distinct opportunity comes soon enough to light. It takes a great review three months to publish a contribution; a newspaper can do it in one twenty-fourth of the time. To your journalist at letters, therefore, and to him alone, belongs each freshest fresh topic; he runs hot on the trail of events, prints while the tingle of novelty still thrills through the matter, leaves time-worn themes to the monthly review, distrusts confirmed authors, courts "the new man." Temperamentally unfitted for leisurely editing, he grows eager, "strenuous," a headlong man of affairs; and Timeliness—Timeliness first and foremost—becomes the central and dominant maxim in his manual of arms. This means endless watchfulness, limitless initiative, prompt resourcefulness, and the command of a corps of "biddable" writers—anything and everything to get the advantage of the handicap which accelerates the newspaper and retards the magazine! At breakfast your journalist seizes the morning paper to know what has happened since bedtime, what novel affair has come up for discussion, what new hero struts that pretty stage called public life. He will see where to strike while the iron is red. Curiosity, if nothing else, takes him early to his desk, where he tears

open his morning mail rapaciously—keenly alive to the possible presence of perishable goods. The tick-a-tick-tick of the telegraph instrument in the very next room is the pulse-throb of passing events. He takes cue and acts instantly. A liner rams its prow on the harbor-rocks, flees for its life, hurls itself upon the beach; the moment the news thrills the wires he darts forth for a specialist; twenty-four hours later he publishes "Marine Surgery, How Wounded Ships are Made Whole." Or, fifteen miles away, the lightning express goes murderously to splinters, and before the list of killed and wounded has ceased coming off the wires your editor bids his man, who dashes to the scene, spends a terrible night with the wreckers, rides home on the wrecking train, sleeps till noon, and then writes a stirring, picturesque, illuminative paper, which is printed long ere popular clamor is lulled. Here are triumphs no magazine can hope for. Extreme cases? Granted; but see what befalls the foreign correspondent. No matter how exquisite his style, no matter how shrewd his insight, no matter how superb his energy and enterprise, he remains the humble vassal of the daily press; for time, which dims "copy" as inevitably as it dims beauty, sets bounds to his ambitions. His wares won't keep their lustre; they fade in the process of setting; jewels to-day, they are dross to-morrow. To change the figure, the daily and monthly editors differ as the cavalry captain differs from the captain of artillery. This your journalist knows. If he justifies his position by moving more quickly than the monthlies, and by treating the last new subject while it is still fresh, he is not unnaturally content to confine his manœuvres to realms where speed counts.

Forgive me if, before I show how this bears upon the quest for the "new man" and the disciplining of him, once

caught, I speak a further word for Timeliness. And here is the further word: the editorial psychology commands that the editor answer the mood of the reader. This lifts Timeliness from a mere trick of tactics to a high rhetorical principle; for the first law of rhetoric—so runs the rubric—is to please one's audience. When I take up a daily paper I do it to see what is going on—to-day, not years ago. The Morris-chair, Rochester-burner, bust-of-Shakespeare mood—the mood for toasting one's toes before the purple-flaming drift-wood and philosophizing a whole evening—the mood for talk of old battles, of tombstones where the lichen blurs the clear-cut name and date, of age-worn creeds, of remotest kingdoms, of eternal problems in morals and in art and in speculation (in other words, the monthly magazine mood)—such mood is none of mine. Instead, I swear I am become the most contemporaneous of humans. Sing hey for the passing hour! Give me your Roosevelts, your Morgans, your Balfours, your—yes, your Mary Mac-Lanes if you must; but in Heaven's name keep silent of your Benjamin Franklins, your Oliver Cromwells, your Great Alexanders! I want living mortals, not dead immortals. Let the journalist "interpret the modern man in action." That is his mission. Moreover, he must needs concern himself with the affairs to which attention has already been called by the news. For Timeliness is not primarily a matter of time; it is primarily a matter of feeling, and when concrete and very recent events have roused that tingling, gripping, bewitching emotion called interest, then there's play for the good pedagogical principle of apperception: I'm hungry for still more of what I've already had so tantalizing a taste of—hungry for the meaning of it, hungry for the beauty of it, hungry for the human soul and sense of it. In short, I

want the literary treatment—the magazine treatment—of a news subject, and I want it *now*!

If, then, the cry for Timeliness is twice justified—once by the journalist's desire to avoid competition with the monthly, and again by the mood of the newspaper reader, why, here at last we have come to the pith of our present discussion. For this twice-justified Timeliness involves a frank dependence upon the energies of young writers. Ideally, the newspaper might fill its columns with the work of celebrated authors—ideally, not practically. Solicit such matter, and what happens? Immediately the naughty celebrity goes down in his memory for rejected manuscripts; or, failing that, he whistles a stenographer. You get, therefore, a message from one or other of two worlds—"one dead, the other powerless to be born." But even if the brightest silver stars in the literary firmament bowed down before the journalist, as sometimes they do, they are nevertheless fixed stars; he can't ring them up on the telephone and shout, "Hello, hello, come to the office at once. I've a rush assignment for you!" If he did, he would hear a very tart observation about "Other fish to fry." Star-fish? Indeed, yes—tragedies, novels, magazine articles, poems, magnum opuses. Fixed stars are never "on tiptoe for a gentle flight"—unless you "open a barrel," and not always then. So instead, the editor rings up an insignificant young asteroid, not yet named by stargazers and till now scarce visible even by the most powerful telescope. The asteroid comes prancing.

But how was the editor aware of his asteroid? In the nature o' things. For a good Providence daily sends these tender luminaries to seek out the editor. Hence his "open door." Hence his cordial "at home"; hence also a clear division of labor betwixt editor and editor's assistant—the one to edit next

year's possibilities, the other next Saturday's; the one to edit people, the other their "copy"; the one to guide income, the other its outgo; the one to perform a delicate psychological function, the other a purely literary. So, the "new man" presents himself—perpetually and multitudinously. Also heterogeneously: reporters, painters, stowaways, preachers, collegians, jail-birds, Turks, Jews, ribbon-clerks, engineers, naturalists—zounds, what a motley array! And these, to whom the Angel says, "Write," must forthwith be made authors of. Yes, *must*; for such is the editorial demand for Timeliness and such the sidereal reluctance of fixed stars to do as bidden, that out of the as yet untried must be wrested success.

How? Patience, I beg you! Some day, ages and ages from now, when a modern New England city is gray with antiquity, there will go forth a strange legend of how a very beautiful woman made authors of whomsoever she would. When I asked that literary fairy god-mother how such wonders were wrought, she gave me, on three different days, three different answers. "I never knew how." "It is purely a work of affection." "It is the housekeeper's instinct—the desire to see the right thing in the right place." Quite similarly the editor gives three answers—and answers quite like those.

He never wholly knows how. Here stand youth, courage, a clean heart, a clear brain—these and a pen. Yonder shines Fame. To have brought them together means—what? A mystery, a beautiful, blessed mystery, which one hesitates to penetrate. And yet, was it not partly affection? Was it not partly a sense of good order? Look close enough at the editor's methods and perchance you will find out the secret.

Now it is the essence of editorial affection that it reveres and delights in another's — a contributor's — person-

ality, and that it seeks to call that personality into expression. Style is the man; and here lies an inviting opportunity for the literary tyro to let himself all out. It seems to his editor a vulgar as well as a cruel thing to repress him. No, let the human soul of him gleam forth a hundred ways—in beauty, in ardor, in humor, in color and in atmosphere and in personal tone. Let the man write from his own point of view, in his own best manner, expressing his own opinion, signing his own name. This means toil, for the editor. No labor of love, it is yet a work of very affectionate patience. "The theory of work," says President Tucker, "is to be lavish of personality, to put a great deal of yourself into everything you do." Your journalist at letters makes that splendid maxim his own. He spares not himself. Hour after hour you will find him in conference with contributors—sometimes plotting a contribution as specifically as a master builder plots a new erection; sometimes explaining, point by point, his criticism upon an unsatisfactory manuscript; sometimes discussing the theory of correspondence from over seas; sometimes settling the affairs of the universe with so serious intent that he breaks off in the midst and laughs at his own solemnity; sometimes loitering in the merest of chit-chat. Always at leisure and always at work, he passes his merry days trying if by all means he may encourage, suggest, inspire—till comes the hour, long waited, when the "new man" fully finds himself. So his life runs cheerfully and without thought of merit; for, tell me, what in all this good, glad world of ours is half so appealing, half so engaging, as young ambition aflame with desire for the golden spurs?

But see! Things must get their right place; the editor's house must be kept at order. And editorial house-keeping depends—oh, so much!—on

editorial kind affections. To put the "new man" at a well-suited task—what is that but to know him? And how shall you know him save first you have loved him. Hence the social side of sound editing. Johnson became literary dictator through the literary club, and your editor, forsooth, is a pocket Johnson. At luncheon with contributors, at dinner with contributors, at home to contributors—such intimacy brings insight. The editor gets at the central convictions and impulses that command the "new man's" future, sees a career at its spring, knows the mind that shall by and by be known of multitudes. "From within out," the law of life is also the law of letters, and the best journalism depends much upon giving to each contributor the task he most ardently welcomes. Moreover, the best journalism also depends very much upon giving to each contributor a frequent opportunity to discern the governing principles that control the editorial mind. For a periodical is first of all an editor. In its final form it is a very accurate portrait of the editor's sympathies and interests. Silly the contributor who says, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I will endeavor to give you a correct imitation of a human being writing an article for such and such a magazine;" wiser the contributor who says, "I have somewhat to say to Mr. So-and-so, the editor;" wisest the contributor who says, "I have learned Mr. So-and-so's sympathies and interests, learned them by personal acquaintance, and this, which I am about to set hand to, is precisely what must delight Mr. So-and-so." There's honest dealing for you! There's the making of a contributor's success.

Underneath these paragraphs of mine, or between the lines of them, you have read (have you not?) an exuberant optimism. Perchance you have smiled; and so have I; for I confess that ex-

uberant optimism to be of many things most ludicrous. A gullible soul is your maker of contributors, indulging a childlike faith in each fresh aspirant for literary laurels, believing every new man guilty of genius until he—with a fountain pen for advocate—proves himself innocent. Such, let me add, is, however absurdly, the right attitude of mind for the journalist at letters. Talent flowers out into radiance only in an atmosphere of sunny faith and confidence; it shrivels and fades in an atmosphere of distrust. Better a thousand times a disappointed editor cursing his very gods, than just once a gifted contributor scared into failure. Editors can afford to be fooled; contributors can't. For terrible the editor's arsenal of retaliation! When a spurious new man has amply proved his worthlessness, then let him invoke all the saints in his calendar. Out he goes. As Mr. Dooley would put it, out he goes "through the window, pursued by the chandelier." To encourage every newcomer, to sift talent from incompetency, and to show pretenders no pity; in short, to realize that a good periodical rests upon a broad and deep foundation of broken hearts—this is to edit. So the journalist hugs to his breast the famous saying of Napoleon, who, when pacing a battle-field after the fight, looked on countless strewn corpses and sighed, "Ah, well, if you will have an omelet you must break some eggs!"

But what of the genuine "new man"—the gifted, forceful, adaptable, high-purposing soul—the real discovery? That man will presently be made. See! He is set to do the splendid thing which the great magazines have need of. Already he has become an incipient magazinist, publishing in a daily newspaper. Each new "assignment" brings him in contact with reality—with life, with men, with affairs, with glowing activities,

with that many-hued, changeful, palpitant thing called the Present Day. Young and impressionable, he feels the live spirit of his own time, interprets it, reflects it, is moulded and shapen by it. He speaks its language and is understood. Always he is given large and worthy matters to write of; by constant editorial help and suggestion his style takes on a new vivacity, and with incessant writing it assumes a richness, a warmth and lustre which do but body forth the youthful mind and heart that enspirited them. In a word, the tyro has turned author, and before the glamor of small triumphs has yet ceased to dazzle his eyes he is seized hold of by some magnificent review and honored with a distinguished place in the world of periodical literature.

To seek, to love, to train and then to lose—a sad recompense is this which awaits your journalist at letters. And yet, if that journalist will reflect a moment, I think he will see that, as it was the order of things and not himself, that cost him so beloved an adherent as this fine new genius, even so it was the order of things, and not himself, that brought him that fine new genius at the first. Small thanks had he if, by the necessities of his calling, he thus “lived at ease in the midst of wonders.” Small pity, then, shall be his if he count himself other than a humble recruiting officer in a great and very noble army. To seek, to love, to train, and then to lose: let him bide content as a maker of contributors. And as one by one his bravest troopers enlist under banners more gorgeous than his own, let him turn his hopes towards his last and rawest recruit.

Have I boasted too proudly of the newspaper “supplement” as a maker of contributors? Then hear me through. For two years I have observed, at rather close range, the “magazine” department of a single daily newspaper. In that brief space one of

its writers has appeared in the “Century” as author of a brilliant monologue; another has published charming illustrated articles in the “Outlook,” the “World’s Work,” and the “New England Magazine,” besides writing anonymously in the “Spectator” and the “Contributor’s Club”; a third put the machine politicians of Pennsylvania to confusion by an “Atlantic” essay of memorable force and keenness; still another has contributed able scientific papers to “Harper’s” and the “New England Magazine”; and, best of all, a sturdy young Irishman of superb talents has sailed the Grand Banks, the North Sea, and the Baltic with the fisher folk of three nations and made a notable series of articles for “Scribner’s.” I might mention others. I might tell of men trained by that single newspaper whose wares are now under solicitation by “McClure’s Magazine,” “The Outlook,” “The World’s Work,” “The Reader,” and “The Atlantic Monthly.” And I know I shall be forgiven if I suggest that whoever would win recognition for his youthful talents will find nowhere a warmer welcome, nowhere a rarer discipline, nowhere a broader apprenticeship, nowhere a more direct path to large achievement than in the “magazine” department of the daily newspaper. That “magazine” department, moreover, is no mere eccentricity of modern journalism, no passing phase. Commercially profitable because of its unique supply of a unique demand, and professionally sound because of its happy combination of the best qualities of report, dispatch, and editorial, it has already gained a sure hold upon permanence. Nay more, it is destined to expand, and bids fair, if present tendencies continue, to become the West Point of literature—ever attracting young writers, ever fitting them for high service, ever cherishing a continuing pride in their honors.

The Crime of the Century; or, The Average Man

BY PETER McARTHUR

A Melodrama in Three Winks

Dramatis Personae.

Sir Charles Steele.
Sir Sherlock Holmes.
Old Fogey.
Judge, jurymen, court officers, etc.

SCENE :—*The Public Eye. Sir Charles Steele adjusting his monocle and trying to live down the fact that he is a colonial. Enter Sir Sherlock Holmes disguised as William Gillette.*

SIR CHARLES :—I beg your pardon—but have I ever—been introduced to you?

SIR SHERLOCK (with a quick darting glance and a bright deductive smile) :—Is it necessary? By your complexion I see that you are a Canadian—probably a literary man or lawyer. From the nervous way you touch your tongue to the corners of your mouth I deduce that you were once a drunkard. That scar on your forehead shows me that you were once operated on by a French surgeon. By the way, have you ever read my monograph on the nationality of scars? No? It was published in '76, but let it pass. From the Chipendale conformation of your legs I infer that you were once a tailor-man. Ah, I have it. You are no other than Sir Charles Steele, once "Beauty" Steele.

SIR CHARLES (*insolently*) :—How very remarkable. You must be "Old Sleuth."

SIR SHERLOCK :—O, I am at least a dress suit in advance of him. But why should we quarrel, now that we have been knighted on the same great occasion? I was just on my way to call on you and pay my respects.

SIR CHARLES (*screwing in his monocle*) :—But I am not at home.

SIR SHERLOCK (*refusing to be offended*) :—I deduce that from your presence here. But allow me to present my card. As even my friend Watson cannot always recognize me when I am in disguise, it is not surprising that you do not.

SIR CHARLES (*reading, with an Oliver Herford drawl*) :—Sir Sherlock Holmes. Ah—I cannot say that I recall your name, but your manner is damned familiar.

SIR SHERLOCK :—That reminds me. As a fellow member of the British aristocracy you will perhaps allow me to point out that wit is not an attribute of the memory. In your second chapter you say of John Brown, who is praised for his ability as a singer, comedian, etc., "He preaches too." By consulting your scrap-book you will probably find that remark credited to the litigious James McNeill Whistler. Same joke, different setting, that's all!

SIR CHARLES (*adjusting his monocle*):
—I wonder now.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Wait a moment.
Here comes a stranger, and I must deduce. (*Enter Old Fogey.*)

OLD FOGY:—Which of you gentlemen is Sir Sherlock Holmes?

SIR SHERLOCK:—I have that honor, Mr. Fogey.

OLD FOGY:—Then you know me?

SIR SHERLOCK:—You are obvious.
Your binding—clothes, I mean—your accent, that hunted look—and by the stoop of your shoulders I perceive that you have a load on your mind.

OLD FOGY:—How wonderful. I see now that you are exactly the man I need to solve a problem that has been troubling me.

(*The great detective sits down, puts together the tips of his fingers, crosses his eyes and waits. Sir Charles places his dignity in a favorable part of the picture and stands on it.*)

SIR SHERLOCK:—Proceed.

OLD FOGY:—I am one of those who hold that every effect has a cause.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Interesting, though elementary. Proceed!

OLD FOGY:—For years past I have detected a steady deterioration in the quality of all human productions, both artistic and commercial.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Present company excepted, of course. But what do you wish me to do?

OLD FOGY:—To discover the real culprit—the cause of this state of affairs—and bring him before the bar of public opinion.

SIR CHARLES (*touching the corners of his mouth with his tongue*):—At the present moment I would prefer the bar of Jean Joliceur.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Don't try to be witty, Steele. It is not your forte in spite of any opinion Mr. Parker may have on the subject. But to return to Mr. Fogey. The case you present is a

very peculiar one and offers a number of interesting problems. Have you no suspicions as to who may be the guilty person?

OLD FOGY:—Well, all the Captains of Industry of my acquaintance say that their ambition in life is to satisfy the Average Man.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Ah! I think I have heard of him. Is he not popularly believed to be the chief consumer of canned foods, patent medicines, yellow journals with comic supplements, and such things?

OLD FOGY:—The very man.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Good! We shall have no difficulty in capturing him after I have had a chance to smoke a pound of shag tobacco and played on my violin for six consecutive hours. Now you go home and sleep and let me deduce.

SIR CHARLES (*aside, screwing in his monocle*):—The Average Man! I wonder now!

The Public Eye winks slowly and significantly, and so brings down the curtain on the first act.

WINK II.

SCENE:—Room in the same.

SIR SHERLOCK:—It is good of you to stick by me in the absence of Watson—but I'm afraid I have at last found a foeman worthy of my Steele. (*Smiles weakly.*) Do what I may, the Average Man eludes me.

SIR CHARLES (*adjusting his monocle*):—Why don't you get introduced to him?

SIR SHERLOCK:—A capital suggestion, but how am I to get an introduction? Dr. Doyle takes no interest in me beyond collecting royalties, and I have to work night and day now since he has ordered me to go on the stage.

SIR CHARLES:—I wonder now.

SIR SHERLOCK (*irritably*):—Don't do that, Steele! Can't you see that I am not the man I used to be? I am all nerves. I really believe that since I have taken an interest in politics and have been knighted Dr. Doyle has a notion to cut me.

SIR CHARLES (*in his tailor-man manner*):—Who knows? I am afraid authors are not what they used to be. I myself am living in constant terror that I shall be dragged out on the stage and that that little affair with "Rose Evanturel" will be made into a problem play by Clyde Fitch.

SIR SHERLOCK (*in an abstracted manner*):—And the worst is that I appear to have passed under the control of an American humorist. My last appearance was in one of his stories, and you may have noticed that I opened this conversation with a pun. I would never have dreamed of doing such a thing when I was working on the Baskerville case. I wonder where is Watson?

SIR CHARLES (*aside*):—Now is my chance. Nature intended me for a villain, although Mr. Parker insisted upon making me a hero. (*To Holmes*) I wonder now if he has been keeping out of your way?

SIR SHERLOCK:—Why should he? He is almost my only friend.

SIR CHARLES:—But you are working on a peculiar case.

SIR SHERLOCK:—True. But I shall soon be in a position to do something definite. As you may have observed, it is the first quality of a criminal investigator to discover clues and be mysterious about them.

SIR CHARLES:—I wonder now if something wouldn't be gained by talking over the clues you have discovered?

SIR SHERLOCK:—An excellent suggestion. In the first place, the criminal can be no other than the Average Man. He is at the bottom of all

modern enterprises. Historical novels and canned tomatoes, photogravures and sauces, French farces and Health foods are alike aimed at the taste of the Average Man. In fact, Steele, I am not sure but we ourselves owe our very existence to an attempt to cater to the Average Man.

SIR CHARLES:—Who knows? And yet you have hardly proven his existence.

SIR SHERLOCK:—I have deduced it beyond question by certain things I have observed about myself. For instance, I smoke tobacco that the Average Man cannot endure, and that even Kipling in his younger days could hardly have described. I can deduce by pure reasoning and the Average Man cannot. I can detach my mind, hang it on a peg, and devote myself to music, while the Average Man cannot.

SIR CHARLES:—But how did you manage to make these observations regarding the Average Man? With whom did you compare yourself? Ah, here comes Dr. Watson.

SIR SHERLOCK (*aside, his brain once more working like a great machine*):—Ha, I begin to see light. I have made all these observations by comparing myself with him. This accounts for my confusion. I have let friendship blind my eyes. But now for action. (*Enter Dr. Watson.*)

SIR CHARLES (*screwing in his monocle*):—I beg your pardon, but have I been introduced to you?

SIR SHERLOCK (*advancing rapidly*):—Ah, Watson, I am indeed glad to see you. (*Shakes hands and slips on the handcuffs.*)

WATSON:—What does this mean? Have you gone mad?

SIR SHERLOCK:—By no means. I was never more sane in my life. I am sorry, Watson, but you are beyond doubt the criminal I have been pursuing. You are the Average Man.

WATSON:—Heavens! I am lost!

SIR CHARLES:—On the contrary, I should say that you are found.

The Public Eye winks again merrily and brings down the curtain on the second act.

WINK III.

SCENE:—*Hall of Justice in the same. Trial of Dr. Watson approaching its conclusion. A lady authoress with a pale face and tense (past tense) expression sitting in a far corner of the gallery. Sir Charles Steele sitting beside the prisoner and having the usual trouble with his monocle. Usual court officials, etc. The prosecution has just summed up and the defence is to be heard.*

SIR CHARLES (*rising to the occasion*):—Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I wish to compliment the learned prosecutor on his able presentation of the case; but we are here to see justice administered and not to admire forensic ability. It is our duty to see that the guilty are punished; but more especially to protect the rights of the innocent. Gentlemen of the jury, we propose to show that in presenting the case of the Crown *vs.* The Average Man our learned opponent has been too lenient, while in trying to fasten the guilt on the amiable Dr. Watson he has been woefully in error. In the first place, let us give some attention to the Average Man.

Since first the Average Man sprang fully armed from the brain of Edward Atkinson he has tyrannized over the New World as Tiberius did over Rome. He has made himself felt to our detriment in every walk of life. He stands like a grim ogre in every avenue of success. When a bright young man evolves an idea he is coldly assured that it is "above the head of the Average Man" or that it will not appeal to

him. In fact, we have found on making a careful examination of existing conditions that everything that is done is done with a view to pleasing the Average Man. The great publisher reading "the greatest novel of the year," the lithographer preparing a soup label, the soap-maker trying to make fat and alkali float, the advertiser considering an ingenious lie, the manufacturer of patent medicines developing a new formula for introducing alcohol into prohibition States, and, in short, everyone who does anything aims the result at the Average Man. It is he who has reduced modern life to a gray mediocrity and caused money to be regarded as the only thing to be desired. If he could only be captured, we would favor a return to mediæval ingenuity in the way of punishment. But has he been captured? Great as is the fame of Sir Sherlock Holmes, we incline to think that he has more than met his match in the elusive Average Man. Indeed we are certain that he has, and will show it beyond a doubt.

We have already shown that the Average Man is the greatest enemy of society that society itself has ever developed. If necessary, we could show that his taste in literature is criminal (*a piratical publisher from Toronto starts violently*); but it is not necessary to consider literature in this defence. And this is well, for if we had to, where could we find it? (*Lady authoress in the gallery laughs loudly.*) What we contend is that Dr. Watson, on the contrary, is a model of British virtue, and the prosecutor has failed to fasten on him any of the well-known marks of the Average Man. If necessary, we could put on the stand tobacco manufacturers who know that the Average Man will smoke the vilest tobacco if it is made into cigars and named after a popular actress; and you may observe for yourselves that Dr. Watson habitually smokes the choicest brands of cigarettes.

(*Sensation in the court.*) Furthermore, gentlemen, I would ask you if it is the privilege of the Average Man to mingle with the aristocracy? No! Most decidedly, no! Yet we find Dr. Watson habitually associating with Sir Sherlock Holmes. And lastly, gentlemen, we ask you to read the advertisements of his publishers and say if such fascinating stories as those put forth by Dr. Watson could be written by

the Average Man. Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, we rest our case.

JURY (*rising as one man*):—Not guilty.

DR. WATSON:—Sir Charles, you have saved my life.

SIR CHARLES:—Get out of my sight. You are as guilty as —.

The Public Eye winks slowly and stays closed.

A Northern Tribute to Sidney Lanier

BY JOHNSON BRIGHAM

LONE singer of the marsh, the lake, the wood, the field;
The south wind, perfume-laden, brings your song to me—
A soul to music set—to the magic spell I yield;
It woos me from my task, invites me to be free.

Lone singer, did I say? O not alone were you,
To whom dim woods were dear, and fields of marsh a joy;
To whom the marsh-hen's faith was inspiration true,
An impulse Godward that mere beauty could not cloy.

I see your Chattahoochie with a lover's pain
Fleeing the hills of Habersham and vales of Hall,
'Mong reeds and rushes winding, sighing for the main,
Yet e'er responding to the miller's duty-call.

I hear the secret yearning of your lowland flowers,
The inarticulate cry of burning, thirsty fields;
The lazy mill-wheels as they grind the passing hours—
To the river-spirit's thrall my spirit gladly yields.

Smiling I note your robin dread of winter-time—
Of winter's spite, the gibbet trees, the world in white.
Yet satisfaction find, in that you kept your clime—
Your tryst with sun-warmed bees and mocking-birds at night;

That your true southron heart, e'er throbbing in the reed,
Ne'er failed to trill its joy, ne'er idly wailed o'er wrong;
That though you bravely held to duty's sombre creed,
The sunshine ever found its way into your song.

Reminiscences of an Interviewer

Coquelin, Madame Jane Hading, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mrs. Kendal, John Greenleaf Whittier, Richard Mansfield, Sir Charles Wyndham

IT is now about fifteen years since I began newspaper work. In this time I have done a great deal of interviewing among celebrities. All of my experiences have been agreeable—that is, agreeable to me. Some of the people interviewed may have carried from our meeting a different impression. However, I can say that I have never received any manifest discourtesy. The explanation is to be found, I suppose, in the fact that I have seen only those who were willing to see me and that I went about my task in a business-like way. The trouble with many interviewers is that they do not know how to meet people on a common ground of civility and are not sufficiently prepared for their tasks. When Mr. J. M. Barrie landed in this country, a young reporter approached him and said, "Are you the author of 'Silly Tommy'?" Naturally Mr. Barrie did not feel like opening his heart to so indiscriminate an admirer.

"If you could only see some of the people who have been sent to interview me!" said a woman of some distinction as a writer to me one day; and the companion of another celebrity just landed on these shores from England remarked: "We were told before we sailed for this country that being interviewed was a dreadful ordeal; but we have found it quite pleasant." I make these quotations not to exalt myself, but simply to show that the interview if conducted with a fair amount of tact may escape being the torture it is often supposed to be.

My first interview was the most difficult I have ever undertaken. I had been doing newspaper work for two days only when my City Editor called me to his desk and said: "You can speak French, can't you?" For a moment I hesitated, then replied: "I can understand it pretty well and I can make a bluff at speaking it." He turned to his desk and picked up a clipping from a newspaper announcing that the elder Coquelin had arrived in town and was staying at a certain hotel. "You had better get up there, and see him," he said. I went with some trepidation, and I was greatly relieved to discover that the actor had gone out to dine and would proceed directly from his engagement to the theatre. So I returned to the office and explained the situation to the City Editor, who remarked curtly: "Then go after him to the theatre, of course." That little remark taught me a lesson that has been very serviceable in all my work: never to give up a task till it has been accomplished. When I reached the theatre a few hours later, I sent in my card and, somewhat to my surprise, I was admitted. I remember being greatly impressed by the quiet and the orderliness behind the scenes. I found the comedian in his dressing-room, his plump figure enveloped in a suit of blue-flannel underwear, his round merry face with its little eyes shining with good nature. He received me very pleasantly, and when I had explained that I spoke French very imperfectly and could not understand it only when it was spoken

slowly, he treated me with the greatest consideration. I questioned him on several subjects concerning his career and his experiences in travelling through Europe and through North and South America, and I received such voluminous answers, delivered in the simplest and purest speech and with faultless diction, that I knew I had material for a fine article. By the time the actor had dressed for his part and was summoned from the room, I was ready to go. I hurried to my office, and two hours later I had written an account of my experience. That article established me as the interviewer of the office as long as I remained there, and my interviewing partly compensated for my deficiencies in other kinds of reporting. So I owe Coquelin a debt of gratitude and I should like to express my obligation here. Since that first meeting it has happened that I have been sent to interview him on several occasions for different publications. Though we always have pleasant talks—my French has somewhat improved, by the way—he never remembers having seen me before, and I have never stopped to recall myself to him. The last time we met, however, he put me through an ordeal which ought to keep me in his mind for the rest of his life. A periodical with which I was connected had sent me to him with the request that he contribute an article to an early number; he consented on condition that I should help him to write it in English. It was a long article, full of subtle ideas. When it was set up in type, I took it to him so that he might read it. To my horror he said calmly: "I don't understand English well enough to appreciate the *nuances*. So I wish that you would read it to me in French." I looked at him in bewilderment. "But I don't know French well enough to translate it off-hand," I gasped. "Oh, yes, you do," he said, patting me on the back. "Go on. I shan't mind

any mistakes. I'll catch the meaning." So I sat down and translated the whole article, stopping every now and then to apologize for my poor French and receiving nods of comprehension and encouragement. I forgive the actor now for having put me through that agony; but I left his presence in a very irritable frame of mind. However, I shall always think of him as one of the most delightful men I have ever met. He loves his art and it has enabled him to lead a life full of interest. There are not, I imagine, many actors in the world whose tastes are so varied. Can you think of an American or an English actor, with the possible exception of Joseph Jefferson, who can be regarded as a connoisseur in painting? Coquelin has made a valuable collection of paintings. Moreover, he is a writer of distinguished ability. If he had devoted himself to literature he might have become as famous as an author as he is as an actor. He himself believes, however, that if he were not an actor he might have made a success as a lawyer, for he has a great deal of fluency and power as an orator. If he were not a man of great ability outside the narrow lines of his own work he could hardly have retained the close friendship which for many years he enjoyed with the French statesman Gambetta. He once remarked to me very impressively in an interview: "Say that my friendship with Gambetta was the greatest honor and the greatest happiness of my life."

A few days after my first interview, I was sent to see Madame Jane Hading, then making her early appearances in this country, as "co-star" with Coquelin. My success had given me more confidence, and I was very eager to meet the French actress. She received me in an apartment strewn with flowers. I remember that she was very unbecomingly dressed in a loose-fitting green gown and that her whole appearance savored of an æsthetic untidiness;

nevertheless, with her remarkably tall and well-proportioned figure, her regular features, her greenish-blue eyes, and her wonderful reddish hair, she looked very handsome. She was not nearly so oratorical as Coquelin, but she seemed good-humored and willing to help me out, and she listened with patience while I tried to make my questions intelligible. As she talked she leaned forward on the couch where she sat, resting her head on one hand and looking at me intently out of those deep green-hued eyes. I confess that those eyes bothered me a good deal and made it hard for me to think. When I had tormented her as long as I thought I could in fairness to my newspaper, I rose to go, apologizing for my inadequacies of language. She smiled, showing her large white teeth. "I wish I could speak English as well as you speak French," she said, and I left the room quite set up. I can't remember that she made one remark worth quoting; but she did make an accidental reference to Mrs. Potter which brought out an amusing paragraph in a local newspaper. "Isn't it wonderful," she said, "that Mrs. Potter should undertake to play the most exacting parts with so little stage-training?" I am sure that Madame Hading did not mean to be unkind, and that whatever her French words may have been I did not intend to give a translation capable of two interpretations. I hope that if Mrs. Potter read the satirical paragraph in that other paper she did not at once include the French actress among her enemies. An interviewer can do a good deal of mischief; for in the glow of talk even careful people often say things that they would rather not see in print. They are the very things that the wise interviewer will leave out. These remarks apply with special force to interviews with actors and actresses, who often make remarks about their fellow-players which, if published, might lead

to serious consequences. Some newspaper-writers, of course, enjoy creating disturbances of this sort. They are largely responsible for the discredit into which interviewing has fallen.

In regard to both these interviews my conscience troubled me somewhat. In the first place, I was not sure that the ideas I had carried away from them were correct; then, too, my translations had to be at times rather wide of the mark. Since that time I have grown more hardened. As a matter of fact, I believe that no interview can be accurate unless it is written by the person interviewed. I have often thought that it would be wise for an interviewer to prepare a list of questions to be submitted to the one interviewed, the answers being dictated and revised by the latter. Under the usual conditions of the interview, the best the interviewer can do is to reproduce as accurately as he can the spirit of what is said. Some interviewers either possess by nature or acquire by practice an extraordinary accuracy and, of course, in nearly all cases, the memory is trained by practice.

My first interview in my own tongue was with Sir Edwin Arnold, who, a few weeks before, had arrived in this country for the first time. Sir Edwin proved to be even more loquacious than Coquelin, and it was a blessed relief to me to be able to understand every word he said. I had written a long list of questions on a card, some of them of tremendous import. If Sir Edwin had known what was coming, I doubt if he would have received me so affably in the little library leading from the hall in the house of President Eliot, of Harvard College, where he was then staying. Led on by my questions, he discussed politics, literature, the difference between Oxford and Harvard University; also many other subjects. I shall never forget the noble manner in which he said, when I had mentioned him as

a possible successor of Tennyson to the laureateship: "Not until Robert Browning had been offered the laurel and had refused to wear it, would I consent to accept it." I thought of that remark years afterward when Browning died, and still later when, on the death of Tennyson, so inferior a poet as Alfred Austin was given the distinction. After what I have said with regard to the importance of an interviewer's protecting his subject, I may seem inconsistent when I confess that Sir Edwin made one ridiculous remark which delighted me and which I was eager to introduce into my article. In the course of our talk some mention was made of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, the young Duke of Clarence, soon to meet his unexpected death, and of the nickname that had been applied to him—"Collars and Cuffs." Sir Edwin remarked, with the grandeur that characterized even his simplest speeches: "I believe that if a young man is careful about his clothes he will be careful about his morals." This remark was seized upon by a satirical writer and made the subject of a paragraph. At the moment when Sir Edwin made it I think that he had begun to weaken under the weight of my questions. A few moments later his face grew haggard, a look of pleading appeared in his eyes, and perspiration broke out on his forehead. Finally, when I had put a new question to him bearing upon a political matter of great interest in England at that time, he held out both hands toward me. "Oh, spare me from answering that," he said. Then it seemed to me that I had reached the time when I ought to go. So I rose, extending my hand in gratitude and apology. "I am very sorry to have put you through so hard a trial, Sir Edwin," I said, and he shook my hand and exclaimed: "Don't apologize, my dear sir. You have done your duty, and if there were a vacancy on my

paper, 'The London Telegraph,' I would offer it to you." I went away from his presence greatly elated not merely by the pleasant little compliment, but by the knowledge that I had in my head at least two columns of valuable matter. The next morning I had the indescribable joy, known only, I believe, to the writer who has not as yet reached twenty-five, of seeing that my article had been given the place of honor in the paper, beginning with great headlines at the upper right-hand corner of the first page. It was also featured at the top of the billboards outside the business office.

Not long after my interview with Sir Edwin Arnold I was sent to visit another literary celebrity of somewhat different quality. For many years the birthday of Whittier had been observed in Amesbury, Massachusetts, where the poet passed several months each winter. This year, however, he had grown so feeble that the Packards, with whom he lived, requested that he be allowed to pass the day quietly, without being obliged to receive people. Consequently I felt somewhat uneasy as I went on my quest. In order to reach Amesbury I had to drive from Newburyport. It was a cold, clear afternoon and, as we neared the poet's home, it grew very dark. When I entered the little house, the lamps were already lighted. Mrs. Packard received me graciously and, in spite of her public announcement, I saw that she was pleased that I had taken the trouble to come so far to see the poet. Whittier himself entered presently, looking older and sadder and more like a farmer than his photographs had shown him. When I was introduced he extended his hand and said a few words in a voice which, though gruff, was not in the least unkind. He was so old and feeble and so remote—this is the only word that conveys my idea—that I really felt uncomfortable about subjecting him to

the agitation of being interviewed; however, I had to get the article done and I began as unprofessionally as I could to draw the old gentleman out. What I wished most was to persuade him to talk about the old anti-slavery days, and I succeeded, somewhat to my own nervous apprehension, for I quickly saw that the memories greatly excited the poet. As he talked, he paced restlessly from room to room, breaking out into little spasms of excitement. I left him just as soon as I thought I had heard enough to make an article, and I hurried away conscience-stricken, fearing that I might have started him on an illness. I drove rapidly back to Newburyport, where I found that a train for Boston was due in ten minutes. It was then eight o'clock and I had eaten nothing since one; so I hurried into a grocery store near the station and ordered some crackers and cheese. Just as I began to eat, two trains drew up at the station, from opposite directions. Abandoning my crackers and cheese, I rushed over to the station, bought a ticket for Boston, and leaped on board. When I had adjusted myself comfortably and was reading a book I had in my pocket, the conductor came along and asked for my ticket. When I gave it to him, he said quietly: "This train is going to Portland." I sat motionless, feeling as if I were about to faint. For a moment it seemed as if my newspaper career had ended. I thought of myself as already discharged from my paper. Then I gathered myself together and I said: "Do you make any stops on the way?" The conductor replied: "Our next stop is Portsmouth," and I asked, "What time do you get there?" It was a great relief to find that I should reach Portsmouth before nine o'clock; so I could easily write my article and send it over the wire. The young operator in the telegraph-office was a pleasant, intelligent-looking fellow, but

he could make nothing of my handwriting. So, having finished my article, I sat down by his side and read it aloud to him. Before beginning to wire, he sent word to the other end of the line that fifteen hundred words were coming. Then this question came back: "Have you had a murder up there?" The operator kept me in the office till half-past twelve. By this time all the lights in the town had gone out and I had to hire a trainman, with a lantern, to guide me to the hotel. I had never been in Portsmouth before, and I felt a thrill of astonishment and delight when I discovered a fine hotel. I had been too busy to realize that I had eaten practically nothing since one o'clock; but now that my work was over I felt hungry. On entering the hotel, I said to the night clerk: "Can you give me something to eat?" and he shook his head. "Everything locked up," he replied. Then I explained my plight. "Well, I may be able to get you some beer and pretzels. That's the best I can do." A few moments later a bottle of beer and a plate of pretzels reached my room, and oh, they tasted good! I went to bed, slept till noon the next day, and at breakfast I had the pleasure of reading my article.

There are three interviews that I did at about this period which I always associate, although they were separated by intervals of several months. When Mrs. Kendal came to this country she was a mine of material for the newspaper writers; so when I was assigned to call on her I knew that I should have an easy time. The other two interviews proved to be somewhat difficult, though both Mr. Richard Mansfield and Charles Wyndham—now Sir Charles—were willing enough to talk and had interesting things to say. Mrs. Kendal I found late one Sunday night at her hotel, accompanied by her husband. They were both very tired after a long journey and they were eating

supper. As they sat at the table they presented an ideal picture of the prosperous and happy British husband and wife. Mrs. Kendal had a great deal of manner, but it was the kind of manner that could never be translated by the French word *empressement*. Her husband, on the contrary, possessed considerable distinction, created largely by his perfectly reserved manner and his quiet but sonorous way of speaking. As may be surmised, Mrs. Kendal did most of the talking. I had read dozens of interviews with her—I really believe that she is the most interviewed woman of her time—but her opinions seemed inexhaustible. At any rate, I gathered a fresh stock of them for my article. I remember that she showed me a bangle hanging at her wrist with the names of her children engraved on the little coins. "Whenever I get tired or cross at rehearsal," she said, "I go into the wings and I look over the names on this bangle. Then I feel better and I go on with my task. The bangle makes me realize what I am working for." That seemed to me a rather pretty story, and I have often thought of it since when I have read in the papers about the desperate efforts Mrs. Kendal has made to keep her children off the stage. One of them went so far as to come to this country and make a contract to appear at a vaudeville house. But Mrs. Kendal, mainly by working the cables and bringing influence to bear through her friends here, prevented the appearance. She must have felt a pretty keen dislike or a strong contempt for her art to be so determined. On the other hand, one could easily see that she was a woman whose habit of life was to be determined. In this instance I believe she has completely succeeded: so far as I know, not one of the young Grimstons has been seen in public. I am inclined to think if Mrs. Kendal had been more discreet in the matter of receiving interviewers her

success in this country would have lasted longer; her published views interested people at first, and doubtless greatly helped her business, but in the end even some of her best admirers grew tired of seeing her opinions quoted everywhere in print, and, from growing tired of the woman, they grew tired of the actress. Mrs. Kendal may not be a great artist, but she is unquestionably one of the most capable actresses who have been seen on the English-speaking stage during the past fifty years. She knows her art in every detail, and in spite of her shouting habit she has a great deal of charm. She is at her best, it seems to me, in scenes requiring the expression of intense feeling. No other actress has ever moved me so deeply as she did in Pinero's fine play "The Weaker Sex," which ought to be given far oftener than it is. She is also a remarkably fine stage-manager, having profited very largely from her years of association with that rare artist, John Hare. As for Mr. Kendal, the very qualities that made him seem to me impressive off the stage handicapped him as an actor: his dignity, when transferred behind the footlights, is likely to appear heavy and awkward and his sonorous delivery takes on a tone of monotony.

I must have met Richard Mansfield before interviewing the Kendals, for I now have in my possession a telegram that he gave me, received on the first night of the Kendals' appearance in America. It reads: "Many thanks for good wishes! Splendid house and very enthusiastic! They say it is a great go. Madge and W. H. Kendal." At this time the American actor had just come from England, where he had played a long but not altogether successful engagement. He was then about to produce "Richard the Third," and I thought I detected in his manner the deep reserve of the tragedian; but about that point I may be mistaken. During

our talk a messenger boy entered the room, and in receiving a letter from him, the actor said in a low voice: "I thank thee, sirrah." I have since met Mr. Mansfield several times, and even while he has been playing in light comedy he has reproduced his tragic manner; but like many actors, he always has in reserve several kinds of manner. A young actress who used to be in his company told me that at night while he was off the stage between his scenes his manner used to be in harmony with the character he was playing. If he wore the costume of "Baron Chevrial," he would be light and airy; if he were "Beau Brummel," he would be dignified and supercilious; if he happened to be representing "Shylock," he would be gruff and morose. This reminds me that on one occasion, when I happened to be passing along Fifth Avenue, New York, I noticed Mr. Mansfield on the street. He was walking slowly, his shoulders bent forward, and he seemed to be getting some support from a stick that he pressed heavily against the sidewalk. A few moments later I met a very clever woman who has won some success as a writer of plays and who knew the actor very well. I mentioned having seen Mr. Mansfield, and I remarked, "How old he has grown lately. He walks like an old man." My companion laughed and said: "Oh, no, he hasn't grown old; but he has been delivering a lecture at the Empire Theatre School of Acting this afternoon and he feels paternal. He hasn't got out of the part yet." The remark seemed to me amusing, but I thought nothing more of it till a few weeks later, when I happened to see Mr. Mansfield in another city. He was walking along briskly, apparently oblivious of his surroundings, his head thrown back, his arms swinging cheerfully by his side, and his whole appearance seeming to radiate youth and good-humor. From my acquaintance with Mr. Mansfield, who,

by the way, seems to be the greatest object of curiosity on the American stage, I should say that, like many other people, he has two natures: he can be extremely amiable when he wishes to be, or when he tries to be; but he can be quite the reverse without either wishing or trying. Like many actors, too, he has had a very uneven development. He is imperfectly educated, and yet in many ways he is far more intelligent than the average player; his character is full of curious little twists that make him appear very often in an unfortunate light. Oddly enough, he possesses a sense of humor, which, it would seem, ought to keep him from making himself ridiculous. One day in New Haven a street boy came suddenly face to face with him, and, on observing the actor's fine clothes and noble bearing, exclaimed: "God!" Mr. Mansfield smiled and remarked: "You are the first person that has recognized me."

My meeting with Charles Wyndham I recall with some amusement. The actor impressed me as the most bored-looking man I had ever seen. He walked and talked very slowly and his face had the look of a man for whom life retained no illusions. His appearance, I have no doubt, did him great injustice, for no man could have the success Wyndham has had without relishing it. I ought to mention here that he is the only actor I can recall now who exemplifies the tradition that comedians have melancholy faces. This reminds me that a young friend of mine once applied to a manager for a chance to go on the stage. The manager said, "What kind of work can you do?" My friend replied, "I should like to play straight juvenile parts." The manager, shaking his head, remarked, "Your face is so sad that I am sure you must be cut out for comedy." But to return to Wyndham. When I confronted him I received no encouragement from manner or look, and I started

in by making a foolish remark about his impressions of this country. He smiled wearily. "Oh, my dear boy," he said, "I know a thousand times more about this country than you do. When I was a young man I was a surgeon in the Civil War." That remark made

me laugh, and the actor unbent somewhat and made things easier for me. I can't remember one other thing that he said, but I carried away the impression that intellectually he was far superior to most of the actors I had observed.

The Tongue of the Book

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

WHEN you purchase me, let it not be for my handy shape, and scarlet cover; look into the richer beauties of my heart.

Become acquainted with me, if you would know me as a loyal companion; the friendship of kindred souls ripens in heart to heart talks.

Refrain from marking those passages which seem written for you; the author completed me before I was sent to the press.

I am a sauce to be served between the courses at dinner; I have helped many a lover out of the silence of bashfulness; I am a boon companion to take into the autumn wood, or to the summer sea.

If you love me, have a kindly look-out for my brothers and sisters, born of the same mind that fathered me.

If I prattle with heartsome nonsense, take me up when you are melancholy; if I shine with erudition, cousin me when intemperately idle; if I sing with love, fly to me when your heart is empty of good-will towards every man.

I am not a summer girl, to be forgotten in the snow; neither am I a sleigh-bell, to be stowed away with the first thaw of spring.

Despise me not for my littleness; not every reader is fit to understand "Paradise Lost," no more than every poet can match the majesty of Milton.

Do not make a full meal of me, and devour and digest me, as Bacon has suggested; make me your cup of wine, and come often to sip leisurely of my sweets.

Sappho: Lyrics

BY BLISS CARMAN

XI

LOVE, let the wind cry on the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees and the tall hemlocks,
With the great voice of thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent in the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily out of the gray mist
Of primal chaos, cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bellowing on the white seaboard,
Titan and tireless, tell while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

Love, let the clear call of the tree-cricket,
Frailest of creatures, green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

Let the glad lark song over the meadow,—
That melting lyric of molten silver,—
Be for a signal to listening mortals,
How I adore thee.

But more than all sounds, surer, serener,
Fuller with passion and exultation,
Let the hushed whisper in thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.

XII

NOW to please my little friend
I must make these songs of spring,
With the soft southwest wind in them
And the marsh-notes of the frogs.

I must take a gold-bound pipe,
And outmatch the bubbling call
From the beechwoods in the twilight,
From the meadows in the rain.

XIII

OVER the wheat field, over the hill-crest,
Swoops and is gone the beat of a wild wing,
Brushing the pine-tops, bending the poppies,
Hurrying Northward with golden summer.

What premonition, O purple swallow,
Told thee the happy hour of migration?
Hark! On the threshold, (Hush, flurried heart in me!)
Was there a footfall? Did no one enter?

Soon will a shepherd in rugged Dacia,
Folding his gentle ewes in the twilight,
Lifting a level gaze from the sheepfold,
Say to his fellow, "Lo, it is springtime."

This very hour in Mitylene,
Will not a young girl say to her lover,
Lifting her moonwhite arms to enlace him,
Ere the glad sigh comes, "Lo, it is lovetime!"

XIV

H EART of mine, if all the altars
Of the ages stood before me,
Not one pure enough nor sacred
Could I find to lay this white white
Rose of love upon.

I who am not great enough to
Love thee with this mortal body
So impassionate with ardor,
But, oh, not too small to worship
While the sun shall shine,—

I would build a fragrant temple
 To thee in the dark green forest,
 Of red cedar and fine sandal,
 And there love thee with sweet service
 All my whole life long.

I would freshen it with flowers,
 And the piney hill wind through it
 Should be sweetened with soft fervors
 Of small prayers in gentle language
 Thou wouldst smile to hear.

And a tinkling Eastern wind-bell,
 With its fluttering inscription,
 From the rafters with bronze music
 Should retard the quiet fleeting
 Of uncounted hours.

And my hero, while so human,
 Should be even as the gods are,
 In that shrine of utter gladness,
 With the tranquil stars above it,
 And the sea below.

XV

NEVER yet, love, in earth's lifetime
 Hath any cunningest minstrel
 Told the one seventh of wisdom,
 Ravishment, ecstasy, transport,
 Hid in the hue of the hyacinth's
 Purple in springtime.

Not in the lyre of Orpheus,
 Not in the songs of Musæus,
 Lurked the unfathomed bewitchment
 Wrought by the wind in the grasses,
 Held by the rote of the sea-surf,
 In early summer.

Only to exquisite lovers,
 Fashioned for beauty's fulfilment,
 Mated as rhythm to reed-stop,
 Whence the wild music is moulded,
 Ever appears the full measure
 Of the world's wonder.

Food and Drink for Babes

BY CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU

NO, we shall not give Johnny"—or Willy or Tommy, as the case may be—"a book of college stories; there is demoralization in the flip-pant manner in which they treat of serious subjects. No 'Yale Yells,' nor 'Princeton Pranks,' nor 'Harvard Hoop-las,' thank you; we will give our boy the classic chronicle of school life, the old and reliable, the morally stimulating 'Tom Brown's School Days.'" And the discreet parent presents his offspring with the famous tale of Thomas Hughes in the placid belief that it contains no rakish allusions—that it is quite untainted by the atmosphere of spirituous geniality that now and then renders the modern college story somewhat startling.

"Tom Brown's School Days"—as a matter of unimportant fact—contains some twenty or thirty allusions to the drinking of alcoholic beverages—any one of which, if made in reference to Groton, St. Paul's, or St. Mark's would give the masters of those institutions nervous prostration, and shake the schools themselves to their foundations. Furthermore, the passages wherein the consumption of intoxicating drinks is pleasingly exploited by the author of "Tom Brown," form—with a single exception—no part of the book's artlessly interpolated tracts; they are not, as one might naturally suppose, pleas for either total abstinence or even for temperance. Rather are they cheerful encomiums of the genial qualities of

beer—both bottled and draught—"early purl," cocktails, brown stout, and Scotch whiskey.

Now, is not all this most surprising and dreadful? On page 66 of the Golden Treasury edition (Macmillan & Co., London) we find the infant hero "in one of the bright little boxes of the Peacock coffee-room" regaling himself on "beefsteak, unlimited oyster sauce, and brown stout (tasted then for the first time—a day to be marked for ever by Tom with a white stone)," and learn that he "had at first attended to the excellent advice which his father was bestowing on him from over his glass of steaming brandy-and-water"—(who, indeed, so long as consciousness and the brown stout remained would not have listened to excellent advice?)—"and then began nodding from the united efforts of the stout, the fire, and the lecture; till the Squire, *observing Tom's state*" (the italics are mine), very properly presses a chambermaid into the melancholy service of putting the poor dear to bed. Of course, after a debauch so auspiciously conducted, it is but natural that this diapered inebriate should want a "bracer" of some sort in the morning. He gets it—at the very first road-house at which the coach stops. He is, remember, so little that in alighting from the coach he actually "finds a difficulty in jumping, or indeed in finding the top of the wheel with his feet . . . so the guard picks him off the coach-top and

sets him on his legs, and they stump off into the bar. . . . Here a fresh-looking bar-maid serves them each with a glass of early purl as they stand before the fire, coachman and guard exchanging business remarks. The purl warms the cockles of Tom's heart and makes him cough."

"'Rare tackle that, sir, of a cold morning,' says the coachman smiling." (Page 92.)

These incidents would, perhaps, incur no more than a passing regret that there was not a third person present in the bright little box of the Peacock Inn—someone to sip absinthe frappé and impart "excellent advice" to Tom's father—if they were not in the nature of preludes to the astonishing orgy that is described with Gorky-esque realism on pages 111, 112, 113, 114, 116, 120, and 121.

There was—and probably is—a custom at Rugby known as "The Singing," in which the whole school after supper "on the last six Saturdays of every half" (page 111) took part. This innocently named performance at once suggests to the unsophisticated Harvard or Yale graduate a pleasant custom that obtains at St. Paul's School near Concord, New Hampshire, where, on Sunday evenings, the boys join in an exercise called "The Hymn," in which they sing religious songs and afterwards shake hands with the masters before going to bed. At Rugby, however, according to "Tom Brown," a large hall in the school is turned for the evening into a sort of *café concert*, and the exercises consist for the most part of beer, cocktails, maudlin speeches, and the demolishing of furniture. In the words of one of the pupils (page 111), "we take our tables, and the big boys sit around and drink beer; double allowance on Saturday nights; and we cut about the quadrangle between songs, and it looks like a lot of robbers in a cave. And the

louts come and pound at the great gates and we pound back again and shout back at them."

On the evening described by the author of "Tom Brown," "Supper came in due course at seven o'clock, consisting of bread and cheese and beer . . . and directly afterwards the fags went to work to prepare the hall. . . . Around the upper fire the fags placed the tables in the form of a horse shoe, and upon them the jugs with the Saturday night's allowance of beer. Then the big boys used to drop in and take their seats, bringing with them bottled beer and song books" (page 112). Oh, there was no lack of beer, and after Tom had performed "the old west-country song of 'The Leather Bottel' with considerable applause (page 112) . . . the glasses and mugs are filled . . . then follow the 'Three Jolly Post-boys' and other vociferous songs in rapid succession. . . . During the pauses, the bottled-beer corks fly rapidly and the talk is fast and merry." Well, rather; it must have sounded like the Löwenbräu in Munich—"and the big boys, at least all of them who have a fellow feeling for dry throats, hand their mugs over their shoulders to be emptied by the small ones who stand round behind" (page 113). All of this must have been extremely edifying to the small ones, and calls to mind the waiters in restaurants who eagerly gulp the left-over contents of wine glasses on their way to the kitchen.

Of course in the midst of this preparatory-school bacchanal someone gets up to make a speech. It may have been noticed that, in the even of unlimited bottled beer, someone invariably does get up; in public, however, he is usually suppressed by solicitous friends. "And away goes the pounding and cheering again, becoming deafening . . . till a table having broken down, and a gallon or so of beer been upset"

—never mind; there was undoubtedly plenty more where that came from—"and all throats getting dry, silence ensues" (page 114). Probably one of those suggestive silences punctured at intervals by the breaking of crockery, uncertain cries of "Louder, louder," and "Oh, shut up—you're drooling."

"Half-past nine struck, in the middle of the performance of 'Auld Lang Syne,' a most obstreperous proceeding"—the author gratuitously informs us (page 120)—"during which there was an immense amount of standing with one foot on the table, knocking mugs together, and shaking hands. . . . The under-porter of the school-house entered during the performance. . . . he was hailed with shouts. . . . 'Here, Bill, drink some cocktail.' 'Sing us a song, old boy.' Bill drank the proposed cocktail not unwillingly. . . ." (Page 121.)

This incredible wassail finally breaks up, we are told, "while standing on the great hall table, a knot of untiring sons of harmony made night doleful by a prolonged performance of 'God Save the King'" (page 121), "a monarch," Mr. Hughes goes on to tell us on the same page, "deservedly popular amongst the boys . . . to whom he was chiefly known from the beginning of that excellent, if slightly vulgar, song in which they much delighted:

"Come neighbors all, both great and small,
Perform your duties here,
And loudly sing, live Billy our king;
For bating the tax upon beer."

Space is lacking—it would require much—in which to cite all the passages that tell one blandly, smilingly, of the liquor these Rugby babies manage throughout the entire story to consume. But let us notice in passing that "One fine summer evening (page 182) Flash-

man had been regaling himself on gin-punch at Brownsover; and having exceeded his usual limits, started home uproarious. He fell in with a friend or two coming back from bathing, proposed a glass of beer, to which they assented, the weather being hot and they thirsty souls, and unaware of the quantity of drink which Flashman had already on board. The short result was, that Flashey became beastly drunk. They tried to get him along but couldn't; so they chartered a hurdle and two men to carry him. One of the masters came upon them and they, naturally enough, fled." Further on in the book, when Tom is given one "Arthur"—an invalid with a conventional conscience—for a room-mate, the chief inconvenience he prophesies for himself has to do with his supply of beer; ". . . if he took him (Arthur) as his chum instead of East, where"—he asks himself despairingly—"were all his pet plans of having a bottled-beer cellar under his window?" (Page 205.) And when we finally muster sufficient courage with which to say farewell in the last chapter to this bibulous hero of the "classic for boys," what are we told before we have read five lines? Merely that he is just returned from a little jaunt to Scotland with two friends, where he "had been for three weeks living on oat cake, mut-ton hams, and whiskey in the wildest part of Skye" (page 352).

Now, really, is not all this very surprising and rather dreadful? Excessive drinking in stories of college "men" is never—publishers and editors tell one—productive of enthusiasm from parents and guardians. Do parents and guardians read "Tom Brown's School Days," I wonder? How on earth has it been allowed to become a classic; a book that so boldly admits inebriety—and so enticingly describes it—as does this semi-ecclesiastical chronicle of school children?

W. W. Jacobs: An Interview

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine."

STRICTLY speaking, only the first two of these lines are applicable in the present instance, as Mr. Jacobs is said still to be in excellent health and as a few hours' intercourse hardly justifies a claim to having shared the hardships of life. As quotations go, however, approximate applicability may be said to be achieved.

Buckhurst Hill, where the author of "Many Cargoes" resides, is one of the numerous theoretically pleasant suburban places in which pseudo-Londoners imagine that they are living comfortably and contentedly, while, in reality, cherishing envious and evil thoughts of their equally muddy, but more "convenient" fellows who dwell within walking distance of the "Tuppenny Tube." The natives of Buckhurst Hill resent the application of the word "village" to the settlement and indignantly assure the visitor that it is pleasant there in summer. It is, however, very pleasant even in winter if fortune leads one to the home of Mr. Jacobs. "Straight up the hill, sir, and take the second turning to the right, and you'll find the house you're lookin' for as the last in a row of low-sittin' red cottages."

On entering I found Mr. Jacobs, although a married man, hugging the

fire, in which amatory proceeding he kindly invited me to participate. He is a novice at the game of interview, which he evidently regards with good-natured stoicism, as the price demanded by fame.

"Don't make me sound conceited," he said at parting, "and don't tell all you know."

There is no temptation to make him sound conceited, since I am a lover of the truth, but there is a strong temptation to tell all I know, as it somehow always happens that the part not to be told is the most interesting. I shall, however, remember the bread and salt.

"I really don't see that I can give you much that is interesting to write about," he said; "I have had no adventures, nothing out of the ordinary in life has happened to me. You see, I entered the Post Office Department when I was nineteen years of age, and there I stuck up to within eighteen months ago, when I resigned my position to go in for literature exclusively. That was after I had made a strike with 'Many Cargoes.' I thought then that I might depend upon being able to scratch out some sort of living by extreme industry, and up to the present I have managed to do so. Fortunately, when a man has once made a

success, he is pretty sure of always being able to get along somehow afterwards; he never quite disappears, does he?"

"No, he does not, unfortunately for literature."

"That's true—unfortunately for literature. My theory is that authors should be allowed a certain income; enough to remove the danger of starving, but insufficient to meet their wants, so that they would have to work to supplement it, but would not be tempted to grind out a whole lot of inferior stuff in order to exist. Don't you think that would be a good scheme?"

There is nothing of the professional humorist about Mr. Jacobs, nor does he deserve to be charged with melancholy. Indeed, one could live in the house with him, I imagine, without an undue amount of either tears or laughter. Interviewers have described him in various terms, not always flattering, yet I think he has lost but little sleep in consequence. Mrs. Jacobs, however, it was evident, still cherished an excusable resentment against the journalist who applied to her husband's nose the term "aggressively aquiline," and said that his was the "Sad, chastened expression of a maiden aunt." Mr. Jacobs is of medium height, blond, slight, and quiet in manner, with smooth, keen, alert face, that by its youthfulness belies the silver running through his hair. He is of a "certain" age, which in this case perhaps may be taken to suggest thirty-three. More important, from a commercial point of view, is the fact that he now receives good payment for his work, although he himself did not confide this information to me. At the mention, however, of the prices received by another author, I thought that I detected a fleeting, contented smile in his eyes, as though he, too, could a tale unfold.

"Literary agents are a fine institution," he said contentedly, as one may

whose output is below the demand; "they save such a lot of trouble to everybody, and then they get a writer bigger prices than he could get alone—at least, they do for me. I wouldn't have the assurance to ask the prices that my agent asks for me. I know how it would be. 'We like your book very much, Mr. Jacobs,' a publisher would say. 'Now, what do you think would be a fair price for it?' In a frightened, apologetic tone I should probably say something very much less than my agent says under the present circumstances. 'Oh, but we couldn't think of giving you anything like that, you know; what do you think of half that?' 'Thank you,' I should say, and should feel that I had made a brilliant bargain."

"How did you learn about the sea," I asked, "if you were born and bred in London and went into the Civil Service so early?"

"Oh, well, for several years, from about my nineteenth to my twenty-second year, we lived down at a place called Wapping, which is really a part of London, where the ships come in, and I used to loaf around there, and talk to the sailors and skippers, and pick up information in that way. Then, when I got into the service, I began pretty early writing little sketches and things, not about sea life, however, at first, and I used to send these things around and around until they got taken somewhere for a few shillings, although I hardly made pocket-money out of it. Then, at last, I wrote a short story which is in 'Many Cargoes' and which I sent to 'To-Day,' of which Jerome K. Jerome was editor, after having sent it nearly everywhere else beforehand. To my astonishment, I received a post card, accepting it and asking for more. Naturally I acquiesced, and Jerome encouraged me, sometimes giving up the whole weekly poster to me; and so most

of the stories in my first book appeared first in his paper."

"Did you make your hit with the stories in the magazine or after they had appeared in book-form?"

"Oh, mainly after they came out in book-form, although, to be sure, I used sometimes to meet people who would speak to me about them even when they were appearing separately. You see, the drawback about making a decided strike suddenly with one book is that forever afterwards people keep comparing your later work with that first book. That is what they have done with my recent book, 'A Master of Craft'; it has had a good sale, but I believe it would have been better if it hadn't been for that."

On the way to the station Mr. Jacobs was strangely silent, although

he roused himself sufficiently to tell me sadly that one interviewer had gratuitously made him exclaim: "My idea of the typical humorist is the big man with a red face and a loud voice whom I intend to kill some day!" It was evident that he had begun to wonder what I would make him say and to regret certain anecdotes of brother authors, told with the rider which so oft proves inefficacious: "but don't tell that."

"Good-bye," he said, as the train started to move—"oh—er—perhaps you had better send me the manuscript of the interview before you send it off. Would you mind?"

At the boarding-house, when the stout young woman with the eager eyes learned whom I had been to see, she exclaimed, in an awed voice: "Oh, just fawncy—knowing Jacobs!"

Heine

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

I HAVE songs of dancing pleasure,
I have songs of happy heart,
Songs are mine that pulse in measure
To the throbbing of the mart.

Songs are mine of magic seeming,
In a land of love forlorn,
Where the joys are had for dreaming,
At a summons from the horn.

But my sad songs come unbidden,
Rising with a wilder zest,
From the bitter pool that's hidden,
Deep—deep—deep within my breast.

The Pastime of Book-Collecting

(Continued)

BY TEMPLE SCOTT

MAY we not say that his chuckle is the expression of a pardonable assertion of superior knowledge? But the book-collector is privileged even beyond that. To him is given the delight of experiencing true possession. As owner of the rare treasure he is of the elect, and he takes the ages with him in his journey around his library: for that privilege he has learned to labor and to wait.

If, now, the rare book be the desirable book, the question arises what constitutes rarity? The answer to this is: a rare book is a book the demand for which is greater than the power of supplying it. That an edition of a work was limited to five copies does not necessarily imply that the book is rare. Nobody may want it. If, however, ten or twenty or a thousand people want this particular edition, then it becomes rare. So we shift to another question: for what books are there likely to be such a demand? This is a question by no means easy to answer. Generally speaking, we should say that the works of the masters in literature are more likely to be in demand than the works of other writers; and since in order to become rare the demand must be greater than the supply, it follows that the first edition of such works becoming quickly exhausted will become quickly rare. This brings us to the first principle of the book-collector:

Collect the first editions of books written by the masters of their art.

How, now, are we to decide who are and who are not the masters of their art?

In England, France, Germany, Italy, and the countries which possess a printed literature reaching back to the days of the first printing presses, there is little difficulty in distinguishing those which are, from those which are not, masters. Time has had his opportunity to settle for us any wavering of opinion our ancestors may have had, and our task is now become mainly a matter of selection. In a country like the United States, however, whose literature is yet, so to speak, in the making, and whose past is still too near to place for judgment in a proper perspective, opinion remains somewhat at the mercy of fashion. The taste in "letters" is as yet the taste of a coterie, so to speak; a comparatively small aggregation of critics living, for the most part, on the Atlantic sea-board. So far, these critics, assisted by the approval and the verdicts of those in the mother country of the English language, have set their seal of approbation on what shall be accepted as worthy. But the signs are not wanting which point to a condition in which the toilers and thinkers of the Middle, Middle Western and Western States shall precipitate their own formulas of what life means, and new masters shall arise for new tastes to appreciate, and then a new literature be created for future bibliophiles to gather in and treasure.

The very wide geographical distribution of the people, commonly called Americans, makes for a number of distinct nationalities, all speaking the English language, invigorated and made flexible by the experiences of the local life, and all bound together by a fine spirit of patriotism, which is so movingly exemplified in the common devotion to the honor of the flag. Thus it may be that book-collecting in the United States requires a more delicate insight into possibilities, and have in it a larger element of speculation than in any other country.

But this is a digression that takes us somewhat out of the subject-matter at present under consideration. We shall later deal with the question which this thought brings to the surface. We touch on it now merely to hint at the wide fields which are open to the book-hunter, and to subject a further reason for the persistence displayed by American collectors in devoting themselves to English literature as a whole, irrespective of the geographical position of the place where it first obtained expression. There is a deep wisdom in this devotion. English is English wherever it is spoken. Given any locus in which earnest thought and strenuous effort find expression in activity, and we have a base from which to measure the people who live there. If they speak the English language, then will that language find for itself new thought-contexts for embodiment in new words and new idioms. But none the less will it be English—just as English as was the language fashioned in Britain for their use by the Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Normans who settled there, away from their ancestral clearings and homesteads. The English of the England of to-day is so different from the English of Beowulf, that he who would know the native fire and beauty of that poem must learn its language as a German would learn English. In just that

attitude must the Englishman of to-day approach the "Biglow Papers," and the native literature that the United States is preparing for the future. That literature will be the precipitation of the forces which are playing on its people, though in the main its language must ever remain founded on the language of Shakespeare and that of the English translators of the Scriptures. So that English literature is as much the literature of the descendants of those Englishmen who fought for freedom on the western shores of the Atlantic as it is of those who fought for freedom on its eastern shores.

Apart, however, from such ideal consideration, the collector of English literature, as such, is largely assisted by the records of what has been done, and such records are, in this department, both plentiful and excellent. Here knowledge is more certain and speculation less hazardous, because a fashion has been formed and a taste matured. At the same time, there is also a danger to be avoided. We are too apt to follow the fashion slavishly, to imitate and take on a taste that is not ours naturally, and our collecting, to that extent, loses the mark of individuality, and our pastime palls.

The book-collector who collects for profit merely can, of course, give his attention to all literatures and all their departments. He will equip himself with reference books in all languages, and toil at the indexing of priced catalogues. He will attend sales, and study the latest quotations. But, surely, he is not a book-collector! Such a good creature is nothing more than a bookseller who, in the guise of a gentleman of leisure with bookish tastes, has entered on a new business. His outlays are so much invested capital, on which he hopes to make a good profit. He has no tastes of his own; his tastes are the tastes of his future customers in the

rooms of the auctioneers. Out and away with him! This is the wolf in sheep's clothing over again, who would not scruple to accept of your hospitality, and sell you a book with the eating of your *entrée*. There are a few such, and they must be given as wide a berth as you would the gentleman burglar, or the younger son who makes a living by selling a brand of champagne to his various hosts.

The genuine book-collector, even if he be the most versatile of mortals, with the most catholic of tastes, cannot afford to court anxiety, disappointment and vexation of spirit by a too wide indulgence. He is out for the day's fun and frolic, with a purse long or short, as the case may be, but with sentiments of good nature and the finer instincts of the sportsman always. If he have large ambitions, he must cultivate their limitation, and his best guide to this limitation he will find in what gives him most pleasure. It is the personal element in book-collecting that cannot be too much insisted on. Far too much time and energy have been spent in slavishly following in the footsteps of other collectors. If the library is to be your library, let it be that mainly, and not a duplicate of the library of Mr. So-and-So. In the course of human events it will come to the desk, or the hammer, or the stall; let it come there bearing your hall-mark. *Fait, votre jeu, monsieur*; but play it in your own way, so that while the game lasts you can at least enjoy it.

And yet, if it be a game, what is it in that game that gives it its snap and excitement? Not, surely, the mere playing? No, we have to go to the bed-rock of our motives and confess that we play for gain; for some possession other than the pleasure of the game itself. If we take a holiday, it is for health; if we travel, it is for knowledge also; if we give dinners, it is for conversation or some other pleas-

ure apart from that of mere eating; if we dress our wives elegantly, it is for our pride as much as the joy we give them, and for their vanity as much as their desire to charm us. If we are patriots, well—we are politicians also. If we have daughters, why, who would blame us if we try to marry them well, and having married them well, what's the matter with our sons-in-law? If we lunch a friend, where's the harm in the business shaping itself in the cigar's smoke? And if we collect books, surely we do not break any of the ten commandments, or even the eleventh, by harboring a sneaking hope that we may one day get more than we paid for them? Let us confess it at once, and frankly, that the ideal book-collector in this world is like unto Gulliver in Brobdingnag—a *casus naturae*.

It comes to this, that in book-collecting, as in any other affair, there is a happy mean. So let us take that *via media*, and define the book-collector to be *he who finds delight in the acquisition of special editions because of their rarity and their value*. It matters little if he never opens his treasures; it suffices that it is his inclination and his pleasure to acquire them, and he has the means and knowledge necessary for the perfect indulgence.

Now, such a collector, puzzled as to how he shall set about, will naturally begin to speculate on what are the books that would give him most pleasure to possess, and then to limit that reply by the question as to what chance there was that the books of his choice would maintain or increase their value. Otherwise he might heedlessly order a few car-loads of historical novels. The reverend gentleman who had a passion for possessing all the editions of Thomas à Kempis found his satisfaction, but when his library was dispersed at Sotheby's, three or four years ago, his relations must have deplored his speculative instincts. Prince Louis

Lucien Bonaparte spent many years of his life in bringing together his remarkable library of linguistic literature; but it went wearily a-begging for want of a purchaser, until it was finally acquired by a public institution that had a wise administration. Evidently, then, the element of personality in these two cases did not make for increase in value. As against this reflection, however, it is but fair to argue that we are not dealing with the individual who collects books to serve him as tools in his profession; and the average student's library does no more come into the sphere of book-collecting than does the library of calf-bound tomes of the lawyer, or the sets of Bradstreet and Stock Exchange year books of the merchant, or the homilists, sermons, and biblical cyclopædias of the parson.

No, the book-collector must find his pleasure in books as books, and he acquires them so that he may experience the delight which possession gives, and also that he may flavor his delight with the reflection (a very human one, too) that he owns what others would like to own, but which they cannot always obtain. He is a peculiar individual to many, even a foolish one; but he is no different in both respects from the rest of mankind. In some ways we are all of us peculiar, and in many ways we are each of us all kinds of a fool. Sebastian Bandt told us that over four hundred years ago, when he carried us all on a voyage in his famous "Shyp of Folsys." Even the book-collector was a passenger, as witness the poetical confession made by one of them in the words of Alexander Barclay:

"Still am I busy Bookes assemblyng,
For to have plentie it is a pleasaunt thing
In my conceyt, to have them aye in hande;
But what they meane do I not understande.

But yet I have them in great reverence

And honoure, saving them from filth and odure

By often brushing, and much diligence:

Full goodly bounde, in pleasaunt coverture

Of Damas, Sattin, or els of Velvet pure:

I keep them sure; fearing lest they should be lost,

For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

But if it fortune that any learned men

Within my house fall into disputation,

I drawe the curtaynes to shewe my Bokys then,

That they of my cunning should make probation:

I kope them not to fail in altercation;

But while they commune, my Bookes I turne and winde,

For All is in Them, and Nothing in my Minde."

We have, in our day, advanced a little on this very deplorable state. If we do collect books, we do not often use them as a cloak to hide our ignorance, though we cannot away with the soft impeachment that we would argue their possession as a claim for our superiority. We unblushingly aver that the library of the book-collector is no more a witness to his erudition in literature than the gallery of paintings is a testimony to its owner's artistic skill. But we do insist on it that to be a collector implies a select taste, and such a collector may be distinguished by the intelligence and knowledge he brings to bear in its exemplification. As we have already said, the result is the unconscious confessions of an inquiring spirit.

(To be continued)

The Literary Guillotine

II

The People against John Kendrick Bangs and James Brander Matthews

PRISONERS to the bar!" cried the clerk of the court, and the two accused authors rose and advanced to the boundary-railing in front of the clerk's desk.

"Mr. Bangs and Mr. Matthews," began Mark Twain, severely, "are you represented by counsel?"

"Yes, sir," jauntily replied Bangs, speaking for himself as well as for his frightened companion; "this is our counsel, Mr. James Lindsay Gordon."

Mark Twain fixed his glowing eyes on the classic features of the young lawyer who stood at the speaker's side.

"Humph! he's a poet, ain't he?"

Mr. Gordon flushed crimson at the insult.

"I have written verse," he said, with great self-restraint, "but by profession I am a lawyer."

"Well, I'm satisfied if your clients are," said the presiding judge, "it's their risk, not mine."

"He was the best we could get, your honor," piped up Brander timidly; "all the other lawyers we went to said they believed in our guilt, and refused—ouch!"

His companion's attempt to check him had come too late. Brander now looked at Bangs ruefully, but that facetious individual was making pretence of being unaware of the Professor's existence.

"Are you satisfied with the make-up

of the jury that tried Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Gordon?" asked Mark Twain, "or do you wish a new panel?"

"We are satisfied, sir."

"Very well; let the trial proceed."

Instead of diminishing, public interest in the proceedings of the Literary Emergency Court had increased, and the attendance at our second session was at least equal to that when a just fate had at length overtaken the author of "Soldiers of Fortune." Moreover, we now felt that we had the people back of us; every newspaper in New York had printed laudatory editorials on our courage in condemning this corrupter of the public taste, and had given expression to the hope that we would show equal firmness in dealing with other offenders. In addition, each post brought letters of gratitude from parents of young girls throughout the country, couched in language such as comes only to those whose offspring have been rescued from an awful fate. Since our last sitting a slight change in the personnel of the court-officers had taken place, through the superseding of the former clerk by a young, ambitious writer who had come to us and begged so hard to be indicted and tried, that in the vain hope of freeing ourselves from his obsessions we had made an official place for him.

"You know, I really deserve trial as much as many of those you have al-

ready arrested," urged this young aspirant for notoriety at any cost. "I've written a lot of tommy-rotten stuff."

At this point Mark Twain cut him short with the appointment to the clerkship. Certainly, thereafter he had shown no lack of fervor. Unfortunately, however, it was misdirected, as in every instance the person against whom he informed, with the view to an indictment, proved to be an editor who had returned his contributions, so that at last we were forced to forbid him from troubling us further. Despite these and other interruptions, however, on the part of unsuccessful writers with a grudge to pay off, we had now, three days after the Davis case, managed to get ready for the trial of Bangs and Matthews for *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters. At the preliminary arraignment both of the accused, of course, had entered the plea of not guilty, despite the array of evidence which they must have known we were prepared to offer against them.

"May it please the court," said Loomis, rising at the close of the foregoing preliminaries, "your honors have before you to-day a case of similar nature to the one recently disposed of with such perspicuity, but one which differs in several respects from that of the People against Davis. That was a case of facts; this is, to some extent, a case in which expert testimony will be needed to prove the guilt of the accused. These men have not allowed themselves to be taken red-handed, they were too clever for that; they have carefully covered up their tracks. But they are none the less guilty. As I said before, it will be necessary to put experts on the stand to fasten the crime on one of them, at least, so well is his humor disguised. However——"

"One moment, Mr. Loomis!" I interrupted. "You don't mean to say that we are going to have handwriting experts in this case, do you?"

"No, your honor," replied the prosecutor, "handwriting experts would serve no purpose in the present instance, as the worst felonies of the accused have been committed with the typewriter. But I do not despair on that account. I shall fasten their crimes on them in due course. And now, if it please the court, we will proceed to the hearing of witnesses. I shall leave the experts till the last."

"Call your witnesses," said Mark Twain.

At this inopportune moment Herford leaned across to me and propounded the following riddle:

"What is the difference between a professor of English who writes stories and one who does not?"

Not to disappoint him I asked for the answer.

"One babbles of diction and the other dabbles in fiction," he said, triumphantly. And this man had been made a judge over others!

"Bernard Shaw!" called the clerk. Everyone sat up with sudden interest.

Bernard Shaw, however, proved to be a red-cheeked, phlegmatic youth of sixteen years of age, who, after having been sworn, described himself as an attendant at the Astor Library. His duties, he said, consisted in delivering books to readers and in wandering through the rooms to see that no one stole or misused the property of the institution.

"Now, Bernard," said Loomis, after having elicited this information, "have you ever seen this defendant before, the one—with—without any hair apparent?"

"Mr. Bangs?—yes, sir, often."

"In the reading-room?"

"Sure."

"And you have brought books to him?"

"Yep."

"What were they, as nearly as you can remember?"

"Alluz the same. He alluz kep' 'em reserved for himself: Bill Nye, Hudibras, Fable for Critics, Artemus Ward, and Mark Twain."

A smile flitted across the faces of everyone present.

"And what did he do with these books, Bernard?"

"Copied out of 'em."

"He copied out of 'em, did he? Well, now, I want you to tell the court what happened on the fifteenth of last September, what experience you had with the prisoner."

"Well, you see, it was this-a-way," said the lad, in the indifferent manner proper to a library attendant. "I was standin', leanin' against a shelf, lookin' at him sorter careless-like, when suddenly I seen him begin to laugh, and then up he snatched his pencil and begun to write as hard as ever he could lick it. In a flash I knowed what he was up to, and as it's my business to see that nobody steals nothin' from the library, up I crep' to him on tip-toe, without his seein' me, until I got alongside of him and then I hollered out quick, 'What's that?' Gee whiz! you ought to seen him jump! But before I could get a look at what he was writing he'd covered it up with his hand. 'Let me see that!' I said, but he wouldn't, so off I started to get the director. When I come back, though, he was gone, and I ain't seen him from that day to this."

"Now, Bernard, what do you think he was doing?"

"Stealin' jokes, sure."

"I object!" cried the defendant's lawyer, springing to his feet. "This is only supposition."

"I don't know about that," said Mark Twain. "It looks suspiciously like something else. What's your opinion about admitting this point?" he asked, turning to Herford.

"You'd better rule it out," was the hurried reply, "just as quick as you

can, or you'll be getting us all into all sorts of trouble. Think of the precedent."

"Objection sustained," announced the presiding judge.

The witness was then turned over to Mr. Gordon for cross-examination. Of course it proved an easy matter to show that the boy's testimony was devoid of all basis of certainty, but the moral effect of his story on the jury was not materially lessened.

The next witness was the director of an asylum for feeble-minded. His testimony was to the effect that through an oversight copies of the New York Sunday "Times," containing instalments of "The Genial Idiot," by the accused, had found their way into the institution and had caused such a rum-pus that he was likely to lose his place.

"They are firmly convinced," declared the witness, glancing timidly around, as though expecting to find them on his track, "that some one has been reporting their conversation for publication, and of course they accuse me. You have no idea how sensitive idiots are to imitation."

"Is it a good imitation?" asked Mark Twain.

"That's the trouble, your honor; it's perfect."

There was evidently nothing to be gained by subjecting this witness to cross-examination, and the defence wisely waived their privilege.

"Now, your honors," said Loomis, "if it please the court, I should like to call one expert at least."

"Very well," said Mark Twain.

Thereupon the name of Creighton Barniwickle was called, and a long, lugubrious, sad-eyed individual stepped forward and took the stand. His age, he said, was seventy-seven, and for fifty-eight years he had been on the editorial staff of various humorous publications. He had frequently qualified, he stated, as an expert on humor.

"Have you read the writings of the accused, Mr. Barniwickle?" asked Loomis.

"Yes, sir, the entire collection."

"How many volumes is that?"

"Thirty-three."

Bangs shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Well, now, Mr. Barniwickle," continued Loomis, pitilessly, "will you state what, in your opinion, is the funniest thing in the entire range of the writings of the accused?"

Instantly came the reply.

"The manner in which, on page 20 of the book called 'Peeps at People,' the author confuses the starboard and port sides of a ship."

"That will do, Mr. Barniwickle," announced Loomis, and the witness started to leave the stand.

"One moment, please!" cried the defendant's lawyer, rising, "I should like to question the witness."

Accordingly the melancholy authority on jokes reseated himself.

"Now, Mr. Barniwickle," said Gordon, in his sweetest manner, "you say you are an expert on humor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have had a long experience in such matters?"

"All my life."

"Humph! Let me ask you a question: Have you never made a mistake in your specialty? Have you never thought something funny which was not, or *vice versa*?"

For a moment the witness hesitated.

"Yes—once."

"When was that?"

"When I was editor of the 'Buffalo Bull' I once accepted a story by Charles Battell Loomis."

Of course this brought down the house. Quickly seizing the unexpected advantage, Mr. Gordon declared that he had finished with the witness. But Loomis was equal to the occasion. So soon as quiet had been restored he arose and addressed the court.

"May it please the court," he said, "the defence has very cleverly attempted to turn the tables on the prosecution, by showing that I once wrote something humorous which was a failure. I admit the charge. But what then? I am not on trial, and even if I were, one slip would not be enough to convict me. Before this turn of affairs I had intended to call a number of other witnesses, but the defence has very kindly pointed out to me an easier and quicker course. I will accept their hint. They have shown that I once failed to be humorous—well, let them now show that the accused once succeeded in being funny, one single time, and I will be the first to move for his acquittal."

I caught my breath—did Loomis realize the risk he was running? Surely every man, even the accused, had been funny once in his life! The room was in a buzz of excitement. The defendant's lawyer was on his feet, trying to make himself heard.

"We accept the gage!" he cried. "How shall we test the question?"

"Let the defendant take the stand," said Loomis.

"Willingly!" cried Bangs, and with a jaunty, confident air he walked to the witness chair and sat down.

"Put that table yonder where the defendant can reach it," ordered Loomis, indicating a table covered with the thirty-three bound volumes of the works of the accused and with a thick pile of newspaper magazine supplements. Two attendants staggered with their loads to the point indicated.

"Now, Mr. Bangs," said Loomis, when these preparations had been completed, "before you is a collection of your works, together with the issues of 'The Genial Idiot' up to date—am I right?"

The defendant nodded.

"Well, I give you *carte blanche*—take up any volume you choose, turn

to any part of it you choose, read out any portion you choose, and we will then leave it to the jury to decide whether what you have read is funny. Does that strike you as fair?"

"Perfectly so," said Bangs, with a smile, as one who says "What a soft proposition you are!" Thereupon he leaned forward to select the volume from which to read. For a moment he hesitated, then he made his choice. As he opened the book I read the name on the back, "Over the Plum-pudding." For several moments of expectant silence he turned the leaves in his search for something excruciatingly funny. Suddenly a triumphant smile illumined his face.

"Ah, you have found it!" said Loomis. "Won't you share it with us?"

"Listen!" said Bangs, turning toward the jury. "This is from the conversation between a young student at college and a ghost of one of the students of a hundred years previously.

"Ah?" said Parley, smartly, 'you had blue cows in your days, eh?'

"Oh, my, yes!" replied the strange visitor; 'lots of 'em. Take any old cow and deprive her of her calf, and she becomes as blue as indigo.'

The author ceased and looked at the jury with expectant smile. Death-like silence reigned in the room. But suddenly from the rear came a loud guffaw, and then one of the jurors began to shake with laughter—it was the plumber! His companions regarded him in amazement.

"Ah, well—I'm afraid—ah—that wasn't a very happy choice," stammered Bangs; "it seems to be somewhat over their heads. May I have another trial?"

"Certainly," replied Loomis, indulgently.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind my selecting another book, either?"

"Just as you wish." Evidently Loomis felt sure of his ground.

"Ah, here I have it!" cried the author, taking up a fresh volume. "This is called 'Ghosts I Have Met.' Let me see, now. Ah, yes, here's a good thing on page 5. I am speaking, you must understand, of cigars at this point. 'They—namely, the cigars—cost \$3.99 a thousand on five days in the week, but at the Monday sale they were marked down to \$1.75, which is why my wife, to whom I had recently read a little lecture on economy, purchased them for me. Upon the evening in question I had been at work on this cigar for about two hours, and had smoked one side of it three-quarters of the way down to the end, when I concluded that I had smoked enough.' There, now, isn't that funny?"

This time there was no answering laugh; a wan smile was on the faces of the twelve men in whose hands his fate rested. Even the plumber had left him in the lurch.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Bangs?" demanded Loomis, and the humorist recovered himself with a start.

"Oh—ah—just one more trial!" he begged—"just one more!"

"Very well, one more, then."

Evidently the defendant realized the importance of this final test, and for some minutes he searched in vain for something to meet his wishes. Finally, however, he discovered what he was looking for, and this is what he read to us from page 10 of the same book from which the previous selection had been taken.

"I must claim in behalf of my town, that never in all my experience have I known a summer so hot that it was not, sooner or later—by January, anyhow—followed by a cool spell."

Certainly, the reading of this paragraph was followed by a cool spell; a more sober-looking set of men than the jury at that moment it would be difficult to find. Bangs turned his eyes appealingly toward Mark Twain's

countenance, but what he saw there must have discouraged him. His jaw dropped and he turned helplessly to Loomis. The same thing, evidently, had happened to him which had happened to Davis at the previous trial: the sudden realization of his desperate plight had flashed across his mind. Nevermore would he demand—and get—three cents a word for the sayings of an Idiot! Poor fellow! Slowly he rose to his feet and started back to his chair beside Gordon.

"One moment, please, Mr. Bangs," said Loomis. "Just one more question."

The defendant reseated himself.

"Now, Mr. Bangs, I want to ask you to give the jury an exhibition of your skill in making jokes; to show them how humorous writings are concocted. In other words, make up a joke now, on the spur of the moment, such as you include in your weekly instalment of 'The Genial Idiot.' That should be an easy matter for you."

"Well, let's see," said the defendant, perceptibly brightening at the prospect of showing off, "what shall it be? Ah, yes, I should go about it something in this manner. I'd run over in my mind, you see, a number of recent events which had attracted public attention, and then I'd select one of these, as, for instance, the trial of the Christian Scientists at White Plains for manslaughter, and about this I'd build my joke, something in this manner:

"'Ah, Mr. Brief, you are looking pale this morning,' said the Idiot genially, as he carefully spread the napkin over his knees.

"'I have reason to,' was the lugubrious reply. 'I have been retained to defend Mr. John Carroll Lathrop against the charge of manslaughter.'

"'Man's daughter, you mean, Mr. Brief,' corrected the Idiot, 'man's daughter. But tell me, is he a pupil of Mrs. Eddy herself?'

"'Yes, he's a graduate of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College.'

"'Of what? You've got the wrong name, Mr. Brief—it should be the Massachusetts Institute of Necrology,' and then the Idiot gazed triumphantly around at the other guests.'

"There, Mr. Loomis, how does that strike you?"

"Admirable, Mr. Bangs, admirable, you couldn't have done it worse with a pen. That will do, Mr. Bangs, you may take your seat."

"And now, may it please the court," said Loomis, turning to address Mark Twain, Herford and myself, "the prosecution will rest its case. The defence can now present their evidence."

Therewith he sat down.

"One moment, Mr. Loomis," said Mark Twain, holding up his hand, "you have forgotten something—how about the other defendant?"

Loomis turned and fixed his eyes on the Professor, who was crouched down in a timid heap on the far side of his counsel, in the effort to escape notice.

"By George!" cried Loomis, with a whistle of surprise—"if I didn't forget Brander! There he's sat like a little lamb all the time and never said booh! A little more, and he'd have gone scot free. Well, I suppose we've got to try him. But if the court pleases, I shan't trouble to call any witnesses against him. I shall simply demand his conviction on the strength of a few passages from his own works, which I shall presently read. Brander, will you take the stand?"

"Humph—humph!" cried the defendant, violently shaking his head. Evidently he had determined that wild horses should not drag a word out of him.

"That's a pity," said Loomis, more to himself than to the court. "I should have liked to ask him whether he thought the fatality of its name had had anything to do with the premature

demise of the 'Brander Magazine.' However, I can get along very well as it is. Hand me that book, the last one on the right. Thank you. Now, may it please the court, I hold here in my hand a work by the accused entitled 'Aspects of Fiction,' from which, in a moment or two, I intend to read a few passages. I may state, however, in passing, that this is only one of some thirty volumes by this delinquent. But I do not wish unduly to poison the minds of the jury against him, so I will not lay stress on this point. Indeed, I would not mention it were not the majority of these books works of fiction, and it is for them that the accused is on trial. What I am now about to read to the court is from page 142, and is part of an essay called 'The Gift of Story-telling.' It is an admirable statement of the case against the author; indeed, far better than I could hope to make. As a matter of fact, it is an admirable piece of literary work, and were it not possessed of the fatal boomerang quality, Brander would have every reason to feel proud of having written it. This is what he himself says of those who can't write fiction, yet insist upon doing it:

"It is this native faculty of narrative which the writer of fiction must needs have as a condition precedent"—mark the words—"to the practice of his craft, and without some *small* portion of which"—the italics are mine—"the conscious art of the most highly trained novelist is of no avail.

"This gift of story-telling can exist independently of any other faculty. It may be all that its possessor has. He might be wholly without any of the qualifications of the literator; he might lack education and intelligence; he might have no knowledge of the world, no experience of life, and no insight into character; he might be devoid of style, and even of grammar—all these deficiencies are as nothing if

only he have the gift of story-telling. Without that he may have all the other qualifications, and still fail as a writer of fiction."

After he had finished reading this statement of the defendant's literary creed, for several moments Loomis stood, regarding his victim fixedly.

"In view of what I have just read," he said at length, in solemn manner, "I would ask the accused one question: Why did you write 'Vignettes of Manhattan'?"

With finger pointed threateningly at the crouching defendant, Loomis stood, like an accusing nemesis, holding the frightened author with his relentless eye.

"He gives no answer, nor, I suppose, will he give answer to another question which I shall ask him. In an essay on Robert Louis Stevenson in the same volume I hold here he makes this statement: 'I recall the courtesy and frankness with which he gave me his opinion of a tale of mine he happened to have read recently.' Mr. Matthews, what *did* Robert Louis Stevenson say?"

Every eye in the room was fixed expectantly on Brander, but the poor frightened creature was incapable of speech: he could not have replied had he wished to.

"I have finished," said Loomis, simply, and he sat down.

"Mr. Gordon," said Mark Twain, "the defence will now be heard."

Slowly, reluctantly, the defendant's lawyer rose.

"May it please the court," he began, in a low, hesitating voice, "I find myself in the most embarrassing situation of my life. I was retained to defend these two writers against what I considered a most unjust charge. Since coming into court, however, my opinion has undergone a vital change. I now see them in their true colors, and conscience forces me to withdraw from

the case at the eleventh hour, painful as it is to me. I, therefore, ask the court to excuse me."

It was impossible not to pay tribute to the courage of this man, self-confessed poet though he was; in a few appropriate words Mark Twain released him from his duties, and without even a glance at his former clients, he passed through the silent rows of spectators and from our sight. Then arose the question of the further conduct of the case: could a fresh lawyer be introduced at this stage to defend the accused, or must the whole thing be begun over again? At last, however, a compromise was effected, with the approval of the two defendants: in order that prosecution and defence might stand on an equality, it was determined to submit the case to the jury without argument on either side. Accordingly at one o'clock in the afternoon this was done, and the twelve men retired to deliberate upon the evidence. For a long time it looked as though they would fail to reach a verdict. Indeed, darkness had fallen, and we had about begun to consider the advisability of having them locked up for the night, when a messenger came to inform us that an agreement had at last been

reached. Accordingly we returned to the court-room, and the defendants were brought in, Brander in a half-fainting condition of fright. Then to our utter amazement, the following verdict was delivered: Guilty in each instance of *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters in the second degree, with a recommendation to mercy.

So surprised was Mark Twain that he made the foreman repeat his words.

"I think we had better remand them for sentence, don't you?" he said, turning to Herford and myself. "I wasn't expecting a miscarriage of justice of that sort."

"It was that darned plumber, I'm certain!" said Herford, "he laughed at one of Bangs's jokes."

"The prisoners are remanded for sentence at the next session of court," announced Mark Twain, rising.

Thereupon the two authors, still dazed at the unexpectedness of their escape, were led away by court officers to await the imposing of sentence. As Brander passed us he turned to his companion in crime and gave voice to the enigmatic exclamation, "Tinkeedoodle-dum!"—the first word he had spoken since giving utterance to ouch! at the beginning of the trial.

Vellum and Gold

BY JOHN GODFREY

GOOD Gregory, in cloister, gray and dim,
Bent over missal, ever dear to him;
Whilst patiently and prayerfully he wrought
Upon the page a holy, living thought.

Mr. Pinero's "Iris"

BY JOHN D. BARRY

MR. PINERO'S problem play, "Iris," with Miss Virginia Harned in the title part, has made a great popular success. Credit is due to the dramatist rather than to the actress, for providing piquant entertainment. Incidentally, however, the actress becomes notably advanced in her career as a star. Last year Miss Harned had an unhappy first season at the head of her own company in a feeble stage-version of Maurice Thompson's novel, "Alice of Old Vincennes." After that experience it must be a satisfaction to her to be able to work in rational material.

Rational is perhaps the adjective that best fits "Iris." It is a clear, fairly consistent, and a wholly unbiased presentation of the career of a weak woman. Iris is seen first as the secret mistress of the young man she loves, later as the mistress of the middle-aged man she loathes, and, finally, after the return of her young lover from a long exile and his discovery of her open shame, as abandoned by both lovers and driven late at night into the streets. The scheme is, of course, squalid, and cannot be adequately judged from a bare outline. Like most sexual themes, it readily lends itself to the drama. "From illicit love intense effects are wrought," says Mr. Howells. There are, indeed, few themes, however illicit, that cannot be profitably used in the theatre, pro-

vided they be used with taste. In this play, however, Pinero has disregarded taste. He treats his subject with a brutality none the less offensive, perhaps the more offensive, because it occasionally reveals itself in subtle ways. In the first act, we might not suspect the real relation of Iris and her young lover but for their prolonged kiss at the moment when they find themselves alone. But even this kiss might be passed over if an openly vulgar reference to the past were not made by Iris on the sudden return of the lover in the last act. Pinero bears a bitter hatred for the Philistinism that covers the weaknesses of human nature with hypocrisy, and this hatred has led him into bravado. "Iris" is the work of a man who takes pride in showing his contempt for the rules that control Anglo-Saxon literature.

But even for this easily defensible attitude "Iris" might justify itself, as did "The Gay Lord Quex," by being a fine study of modern life. Some day students will read "The Gay Lord Quex," just as we now read "The School for Scandal," as a record of the fashionable life of its period. If, for such a purpose, they turn to "Iris" they will find barren material. "Iris" exists simply and solely for its plot and situations. In its long-drawn-out episodes it is curiously suggestive of a three volume novel. So absorbed was Pinero in working out the woman's

destiny that he apparently made little effort even to characterize his personages. Iris herself is not an individual, but a type. The young lover, Trenwith, might stand as the representative of all young lovers whose emotions control their heads. Maldonado, who stands in a relation to Iris somewhat similar to that of the old-fashioned villain to the unfortunate heroine, is devoid of salient qualities. He bears a resemblance to the middle-aged business man in "A Modern Magdalen," but beside that strongly individualized figure he seems a pale reflection. The other characters are sketched in gracefully, but without vitality.

Even in his workmanship Pinero does not display his customary skill. In the first act he resorts to the expedient of presenting three scenes, all deft, compact, and entertaining, but giving the sense of thinness of material and of diffusion of interest. With the other acts he attains a greater definiteness of purpose and compactness, though here and there the movement lags. Before Iris appears a good deal of time is consumed by the minor people in discussing her, after the fashion of the amateur playwright. As in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and "The Profigate," the dramatist goes to Italy for the background of several of his scenes, and here he achieves a delightful pictorial effect. The scene in which Iris and Trenwith sit up all night together and watch the breaking of the dawn has a really poetic quality, suggestive of "Romeo and Juliet." But here the critical faculty interposes and questions the reality of the situation. Has the writer's realistic imagination imposed on itself, or has Pinero for an interval thrown realism to the winds? In any event, the scene is a gross con-

tradiction of circumstances in the play already referred to. In the last act Pinero lets Iris describe events to Trenwith which might far more effectively have been interpreted in the action. Moreover, her account of her career since her separation from her lover, which Pinero plainly accepts as the truth, makes a large draft on the credulity of the audience. After seeing Iris, grief-stricken from her parting with Trenwith a short time before, use a check from the check-book Maldonado has forced upon her, it is startling to hear that for months she has voluntarily endured a half-starved existence in cheap Continental boarding-houses. However, that is a detail which does not necessarily affect the general structure of a drama devoted to the depressing history of a worthless woman, the kind of woman whose only capacity in life is to enjoy luxury and indulgence, and whose character goes to smash at the first test.

Among the actors the greatest success has been won by Mr. Oscar Asche as Maldonado. Mr. Asche came here with the reputation of brilliant acting in the part when the play was produced last year in London. He gives a careful, finished, and easy performance; but at no point does he rise to artistic distinction. His work is far inferior to the acting of Mr. Wilton Lackaye in the character already mentioned in "The Modern Magdalen," perhaps because of the inferior opportunity. As Iris, Miss Harned plays with surprising discretion, and occasionally with deep emotional power. She nearly always uses her natural voice, falling only now and then into her former habit of yelling in a chest tone. As Trenwith, Mr. William Courtney gives an excellent performance by means of sincerity, directness, and fervor.

Old Age

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE is a moment when we know the day has turned. The sun may be no dimmer than an hour ago, but still our course is taking us away from him. So, too, while the year is warm in bounty, some sense above our working senses tells us it is narrowing down toward frost. Everything to which a limit has been set has warning of the end; at some time, always unexpected, comes a preluding of change. In human life the flesh has not really failed when unseen monitors begin to say: "The hour is ending. Listen. It will strike."

The twilight of mortality is sifting down, preceded by that moment which might be called the youth of age: that middle period when the fairy givers have not yet departed and man has at least one of his three choices left. This is the Peak of Darien where, like Cortez overlooking the two oceans, the soul reflects upon the dangers she has passed and gazes forward into unproven tracts below. Age is no longer as it has been in anticipation, a picturesque withdrawal. It is the inexorable *Now*. At this moment the angel of destiny touches the man again upon the shoulder, and offers him his choice. This is not the angel as we saw her first. She comes bearing gifts, but they are of opposing counsels. Formerly she masqueraded in fine garments, and her right hand offered jewels; her left held gems hidden in the matrix, and for these the man must toil.

In this middle period she stands before him empty-handed, letting him read through some mystic sense not yet familiar to him her voiceless counselling. "Choose," she bids him. "Look back. Did justice pay? You have seen the righteous forsaken and his seed begging bread. They that live in the world must be of the world. The time is short. Eat. Drink. To-morrow you must die." But again before he sets forth on a new phase of the old pleasuring, she plucks him by the garment and he thinks he hears: "Remember. There were things you knew when you came from the bosom of God to inhabit flesh. Remember." And he turns his foot to the right or to the left, and begins the path he shall thenceforth travel; it leads him through the country of Old Age.

The period on which he is entering is not an arbitrary one, to be fixed by this year or that. It is a movable phase, pushed on of late by the ingenuity of mankind, and deferred still further for the individual through temperate living. When times were stormy a man was old at fifty; but now that he has done with war, save as an epidemic, and invented magic foods, he is not to be thrown out of the arena in his prime. Yet however far it may be removed, when old age arrives it is old age.

On one of these last days it becomes apparent to him that his body is no longer *I*. He regards it, with some distaste, as *It*. Once life meant fibre

twined in fibre, flesh with soul enmeshed; but now the old accord is broken. The soul halts in an uncertain citadel and rules it with a varying fortune. The servants that once obeyed at the first breath are some rebellious and all alien. They are kept down, but only under the grip of an affrighted will. Here in this house a window claims renewal, there a tower is crumbling. The man is all the time pottering about repairs; doggedly, perhaps, but never with much courage. The wind of destiny gets in, in spite of him, and stirs the dust. He is working merely to arrest decay. Fifty years ago the body was perpetually promising more strength, more loveliness. Now he is patching something which must shortly die. Beauty is a lost issue; but he is not concerned with it. Whatever pains he takes, he cannot turn his flesh to finer uses. Briefly, it will serve.

Now if it happens that he chose the baser part, he builds a shrine and dedicates it to expediency. There he sits in a circle of his fellows and talks about their bankrupt state. He is much concerned with his digestion. A cold wind is the common enemy, and he shares with other weaklings the recipe for balking it. When the senile clan hit on some new law of life, they chuckle as if they had cheated time. They vie in cackling reminiscence, with the implication that there was a mysterious pause in nature coinciding with their own retirement. What they did, still betters what is done. They take some pleasure, when they feel adventurous, in the safe game, "I could an' if I would." They muddle over the stories of one who has learned Greek at eighty or begun the violin while Time stood waiting by to mow him down. "At any moment," says the prating Ego, "I could do likewise;" and they exult in the swelling port which is the chief reward of babbling.

But for the man whose ears were quick to the angel's other counsel, life is yet life, not subject to decay. He also has reminders that the knell has struck. In his lightest hour there is a twinge to recall him to mortality. "Art thou there, true-penny?" he cries. He, too, must experience the supreme treachery of nature, where sense after sense proves recreant. A great thrift assails him, not to heap up coffers of base metal, but to keep the few coins marked with the royal stamp. He adopts, perforce, a bolder courage than that of youth. This is no light adventure on which he now embarks. It is so fraught with peril that he abandons caution, as ships when winds are raging betake them to the open sea. And, as it happens when fate is challenged highly, "every wave is charmed:" for so desperate is the strait that it makes no odds what port is found so it be not that of a baleful ease. "Thou hast taken ship, thou hast sailed. Go out, if to another life; there also shalt thou find gods, who are everywhere."

This is the hour of visions. He sees everything in the large, and nothing that is universal can give him more than a moment's pang. Death even appears in the guise of brown leaves sifting through autumnal air. So shall he fall at last among his fellows, and the woods will see another spring. Now is he equipped for some further life, because he has no more commerce with the illusions that fit this present frame of things. The specious thralldom that served the senses when it was necessary for sense to reign has lost its spell. The ambition which urged him on to fight for trumpety power is now but an unlovely scheme for crowding others out. The patriotism of his youth seems to him a brutal game, its tally kept in blood. He has abandoned the prizes of life, not as the spent runner sits beside the track in bitter musing,

but because he knows they were expedients made to lure the earth-born to a goal. Their use is over.

He has his secrets. Hearing much about the apathy of age, he smiles within himself. His own lost youth gives him the key to what youth thinks of him. According to that facile arraignment, his blood has fallen into the flow of deadly habit. All the philters that ever ran to tragedy would not warm those sluggish veins. Yet he knows. Faces bloom upon him and white hands beckon, while he stays regarding his summoners with a wistful questioning: for beauty now is vain, unhallowed by the chrism of the spirit. In his nearness to escaping the coil of flesh he has, to some degree, escaped illusion. The joys of earth were sweet as bread, but he has learned that in the beneficent intent of what created us they shall last only a little while. Through them he has obeyed the expectations of the earth; and wrapped though he be in the promise of an unknown good, he is glad to have paid tribute before he goes.

The individual is no longer all its own; it is a portion of the larger scheme compounded of a myriad past. Helen's "lustrous eyes" are hers, and more than hers; the towers of Ilium cast that shadow on them. "Who gave you your hands, your lips?" he questions beauty in the robes of price she thinks her own. "Your fingers are snow white. That is because your grandmothers did not spin. Your lips foretell deep harmonies. Is that look yours, or was it born out of a moment's agony in some other woman dead these thousand years?"

So the calls of other souls, once so bewildering in their potency, are thin reed whispers on the wind. Since each man seems to him not one but many, he is always wondering what fibre it is in the other, seeking out a kindred strain in him. Only when many strands thrill

in unison does he acquiesce and say, "Now I have made a friend." Earth-born ties are over. Only here and there does he put out his hand. "This is mine," his heart cries, and the other answers, though their time is short.

Bodies are strange books for him to read. The flesh is more of a mystery than the spirit, compounded as it is out of the concerted living of mankind. For, wary as he is about temporal being, the soul herself perplexes him but little. Some new sense gives him instinctive understanding of her. Serene, august, she sits removed from these upheavals of the lower world. She shows herself but briefly, nor would he welcome her if she came often. In age we learn the significance of feast days, the desirability of "long blue solemn hours" spent alone. He loosens the arms of a tyrannical worship even about his dearest mate. He abides at a temperate distance, knowing that at moments she will come out of her lucent palace and talk with him, and that such a meeting is more precious than the kiss of new-born love. That was three-quarters earth, foretelling heaven; this mutual worship takes hold on heaven alone. The strand is twisted of memory and hope.

To recognize the complexity of the flesh is to feel that blended mercy and comprehension known to the young as tolerance. Souls often seem to him prisoners fretting against conditions of great hardship. Their origin forms a part of the orderly retribution that makes up life. He is chary of using the word "sinner" in its accepted form. The sinner even at birth is accounted for. It is as if some waif of the night hovered over an alien two mated unworthily, and, foiled by its own unrecognized desires, is born of them into a world where it must always be a stranger. Thus self-condemned, it lives in bonds involuntarily assumed; but it is not to be judged by the man who has

looked long on mysterious and blessed life, save as sin is failure to fit self to the present order of the earth. He knows its hardships are beneficent, more to be desired than any ease. It has unwittingly courted its own punishment, and only begins to be blessed when it realizes "I am punished."

Age toughens all the habits of a lifetime and binds the man to custom; yet when bonds must be broken he goes quickly about it without lamenting. The young find in this another proof of apathy, the acquiescence of cold blood. Rather is it a fruit of knowledge, a recognition of unswerving law. After we have lived what seems on earth a long time, certain commonplaces become vivid under the brilliancy of a higher truth. The man bereft realizes that the pendulum swings, that action and reaction are equal, and that loss will be followed by some unguessed reward. Does his friend turn from him to a dearer friend? In his stricken heart there is no room for jealousy. Once that poor passion served some uses of the earth; but now it is a futile thing, less even than a name. What must be must. Orbits cannot be bent to fit the heart's desire. He bids farewell with benedictions.

Or is it death that takes the creature dearest to him? Here, too, consolation rains from the heaven that has smitten him. The man lays down her hand, and, sitting in the void created by her loss, he remembers that they were together once in other worlds. Their love was full of reminiscence. Its primal passion held not only the moment's joy but the ecstasy of a reunion. Then, in flashes, they saw the red clouds of another star where elemental creatures stirred in braky coverts. This was not all. Their topmost note of unison kept the echoes of some sphere not to be wholly imagined, yet remembered because they had been together there. The progress of the ages was written in

that marriage. Not a leaf had budded save to bring that fruit to bear. Not a race of creatures had lived and died but had lent their love some ripening. They were a part of the chain of things, as necessary to it as it must be to them. They always had been. They must be still. So he sits musing not alone upon the past as a completed span, but as a link to be joined to another, presently, in another time.

It is a paradox of age that the universe should so absorb it while, at the same time, the ego grows, and the man withdraws more from his fellows and sits alone waiting to split his husk. No matter what kindness surrounds him, he is more solitary than in all his life. Years ago he felt at one with his children. They were so far flesh of his flesh, so woven from his dearest memories that in their continued life he saw a sufficing immortality. Now, though he takes their service, he knows they do not understand. They render him an observant love, but it will never be a perfect one until they are old men and women and he is—where?

Happy is he if in this changing of the seasons his mate is left beside him. The two take a new comfort in each other. They are glad to fan away those younger wings into an adventurous flight where old ones may not follow. The air blows chill about the nest, and presently they, too, will set forth and build their house again. They have foreshadowings of another bridal time. The true meaning of marriage breaks upon them with other dawns. The purpose of that union was not alone to raise up children to the needs of earth. Now in age, as it was in youth, they realize that the love of one for one is the world story, the greatest tale of all. Not by chance have immortal tragedies been woven out of it. Its last blossom is to come: immortal joy sprung from the root of proven faithfulness. The man and

woman who have loved for years have access to a strong elixir, compounded of their mutual memories. Every seed of temperate joy holds in it now a germ of hope. Their ship of life sails with an even keel, and now and then a bird, the citizen of some unseen port, rests for a moment on the mast. Even on days after a storm, their faces beaten by the spray, strange odors greet them on a favoring wind.

For age is a time of preparation. The man may not guess what he is preparing for, but some inward self is strengthening within him and clamoring for an open road. It is a curious truth that what he knows now he cannot put into words. It is not that faculties and aptitudes have failed him. It is as if an unseen finger had set a seal upon his lips. He has meat the younger know not of. What heartens him hourly is that for which the present polity has no use. It is apparently not yet desirable that it should be revealed. If it were well, then would all ears be open to it and all tongues ready to declare it, like the happy citizens of Abdera chorussing, "O Cupid, king of gods and men!" If this one ineffable thing were fully told, life in its present phase would be impossible. If the true secret were on every lip "who would fardels bear" that keep us from the happy vales beyond? The truth will not be heard, save in lone whisperings, until the general heart has learned to bear its fardels to appointed goals. The record must be perfect. Shall God say of His great edifice, "Here my creatures failed me; in their haste to build towers they forsook their lower task?" The old man near the secret of all time has faint foreshadowings of it, but no words to put them in. He begins to realize that you may come honestly by fire from heaven and yet do no more than warm your neighbor's hearthstone. He has the fire—a spark of it. Were this youth, he would light a torch and

run through all the land burning down houses in his zeal. A touch restrains him. A voice whispers, "It is not desirable." Yet so it becomes true that even an unlearned age has a sort of wisdom denied to youth; and at the end the secret of all living is shut in each dead hand.

This leisurely fashion of being is not to be understood by the young in their rage to burn up stubble, for it is the fruit of a long acquaintanceship with time. The ages have patience; why should any one man be in such haste to complete his tally? What is not possible to be done to-day will be done in moments not yet born. Nor does sloth creep in upon him through this door, for he has learned the law of penalties. Sin, he knows, makes its own record, and beckons its punishment toward it with both hands. Good also has its fruitage. Even in the face of barren years he stands undaunted, for he knows one blossoming moment can spring from that long pain. This weighing of ages in the balance has taught him some apprehension of justice, yet not toward practical issues. He has become unfit for the administration of penalties, because he sees how every man is caught in the wheel of things that bring about their own revenges. It is still apparent to him that human justice must keep on its course, but he has a disinclination to sign warrants or to wield the knout. When some slave of past experience crouches before him, he responds: "What am I that I should strike at the ages in thee? Brother, pass on." Aware that even the mistaken judge is a part of God's intention, yet must he refuse the office. Administration is given rightly into younger hands.

For the reason that life seems so pitiful as well as so triumphant, all human usage grows more gracious with him; he observes the courtesies that show a gentle mind. Evil speaking

falls into disuse, because all souls are as sacred as his own. If they are ugly it is because they are at an undesirable stage of progress, where his own stood not so long ago. Anger is a weapon suited to some warfare, but wielded less and less in this serene estate.

In art he shuns tragedy, especially on the stage. Again the young, weighting their buoyancy with mimic sorrows, smile over his cowardice. But they have not hit the reason wholly. Save in very noble tragedy he sees the falsity of red convulsions. Against the ordinary realism of pain his heart makes standing protest. No such plot goes far enough. Disintegration, he knows, is not the end. Out of worlds destroyed worlds shall be made again; and when the curtain falls upon a wasted earth he longs to trumpet out the epilogue: "This is a lie, my mates. Heaven is to follow."

He has grounds for what men call idealism. Sitting on this upper tableland of life he pieces together his few fragments of experience, and judges that as time has been so time will be, and he is satisfied. Never yet did sun and rain in the spiritual heaven refuse their office. If mercy were sown, mercy came of it, not to bless the sower on the

day he wrought, but to feed his kind. If hate were planted, warfare sprung up out of it. He begins, in a dim way, to understand the causes of things, or rather to hope that some time he may trace them. A great hunger comes upon him to know, to go through aeons spelling out the record of the God Who made him and Whom he must at last adore. Some word born out of the inherited belief of ages sets his heart to beating. To any lips pronouncing "paradise" his pulse responds, not from a longing for green valleys, even, but for that ineffable good hidden in futurity. He believes with all his strength that it is indeed "the last of life for which the first was made," and his worn pulses waken under promise of another spring. At last he is obedient. He is ready to traverse deserts barren than those of earth if that is the appointed path, for now he knows that what created him lives and has decreed that he, in orderly, plain ways, shall live also. He is in happy imagery once more a child. Time is personified to him as one who is ever present, not to hurry him but to guide. Justice and mercy take on robes of life and stand at either hand; and in the distance waits the long-expected—Death.

A Peasant Song

(Translated from the Portuguese)

BY ISABEL MOORE

I N my silent retreat,
From grief never free,—
All the birds of the fields
Are lamenting with me.

I join the lamenting;
In my silent retreat,—
My song pierces heaven
And drops at God's feet.

The Publishers' Associations of England and America

ABOUT eight years ago several questions of important concern to the business of publishing pressed for immediate solution on the attention of the publishers in England. They found that the copyright question, as solved by business men in Canada and the colonies, was not in harmony with the proper interests of copyright holders; they began to receive many and important demands from the Associated Booksellers of the United Kingdom with regard to terms and discounts; the Authors' Society also had criticised severely some of the methods practised by individual publishers; and the literary agent had succeeded in interfering with the hitherto pleasant relations which had existed between author and publisher, and placed those relations on a purely business basis. It was time to make a concerted action and come to some *modus operandi* by which publishers as a body should deal on definite and agreed lines with matters that so intimately affected their trade. Out of this anxiety was formed the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland—an organization that is now so well established as to be in a position to consult with similar organizations on the continent, and to express resolutions for the purpose of influencing legislation or advising legislators.

It would not be adhering to facts if we stated that the English association had solved all the problems that brought it into existence; but it is not too much to say that the foundation of

the organization has made discussion, arbitration, and settlement more possible and more fruitful than they were before its existence. If the questions are still unsolved, that is because of influences which are outside its sphere of activity. At the same time it is owing to it that a good and working understanding exists to-day between the publishers and the booksellers; and for that, both, we take it, are devoutly thankful.

Similar questions, though not so urgent, pressed on the publishers of the United States. One disagreeable trouble they were happily free from—that of the literary agent; for so far, the author and publisher transact business together to mutual advantage and without interference from the agent. But the "trade" question pressed heavily, and the publishers, finding an example which seemingly had produced good results, followed it, and in 1900 was formed the American Publishers' Association. The primary purpose, then, for which the American body was established arose out of a grievance urged by the booksellers of the United States. These found that they could not make "a living wage" out of the terms allowed them by the publishers, and at the same time compete with the "cut" prices offered by the department stores and the more enterprising of their fellow tradesmen. The American Association took this grievance into its careful consideration, and it has framed a body of rules by which the regulation

and direction of the sale of books to the booksellers shall afford the latter a fair margin of profit. At the same time it aims, indirectly and directly, to fix the prices at which the books shall be sold to the public at large.

Once upon a time the publisher was also his own bookseller; the author had no middleman separating him from the public whose suffrages he sought. But the times changed, and the conditions which made it impossible for the publisher to attend to the selling of single copies of his books precipitated the individual who would, for a consideration, attend to that himself. That consideration was the "margin of profit." Times have gone on changing, and other people, for other considerations, have been found willing to sink the "margin of profit" and give the public the benefit. The bookselling fraternity, finding that their business would soon not be worth following with this competition before them, appealed to the publishers for relief, and showed that unless some drastic measures were taken their occupation would be gone. Exactly the same difficulty had to be faced in England, and the American body met it in exactly the same way. A plan was formulated to which both the members of the Publishers' Association, and the members of the Booksellers' Society consented. By this plan the publishers allow booksellers a certain discount on books, provided they do not "cut" prices. Should any tradesman be found "cutting," the publishers agree to "boycott" him and bind themselves not to supply him with any more books so long as he continues refractory. Furthermore, it is attempted

to bring about an understanding between the bookseller and the public by suggesting that publishers should issue, where possible, their books at a *net* price. That is to say, the published price shall no longer be subject to a discount to the public, but it shall be the actual price which the public shall pay for the books so issued. A book, therefore, marked *net* is a book obtainable only at the marked price. The members of the Publishers' Association agree, however, that "the conditions governing the sale of fiction are such that the Association does not attempt to fix a uniform price at which works of fiction (not *net*) shall be sold, but only to name a maximum discount which, however, it is hoped will rarely be given." So that, for the present at any rate, the reading public can obtain novels at a discount off the published prices, though the tendency, even for this class of literature, is to make the books *net*. On the whole, the efforts of the Association are in directions that should tend to bring about a better market for the bookseller, a better understanding between publisher and bookseller, a better livelihood for the retailer, and a definite price for the consumer. How far such efforts are in harmony with the competitive spirit which governs business generally is not within our scope to consider. We may safely leave this question to find its own solution. Whether the future will negate or confirm the plan of the Association, there can be no doubt that it is well-intentioned and deserves success, even were it only to preserve the traditions and charming associations of the historic business of bookselling.

Letter from Paris

PARIS, October 23, 1902.

FOR the moment there is rather a lull in literary production in France. None of the leading authors are making bids for fresh laurels and further popularity. Anatole France, for instance, has slackened his literary activity since he embarked on the wild sea of Dreyfusism, and that he is still laboring under the agitation caused by the "affaire," was proved by his graveside-speech at Emile Zola's funeral, wherein he delivered a fulminating philippic against all and sundry who had been opposed to the cause of the ex-artillery officer. A strange feature in connection with M. France's presence, and even preponderance, at the funeral of Zola, was that it showed how mutual co-operation in a common cause had made friends of two of the most celebrated French novelists. Some years back, when Anatole France was just beginning to be known for his crystal style and polished irony he wrote that it would have been better if Zola had never been born. "Son œuvre est mauvaise, et il est un de ces malheureux dont on peut dire qu'il vaudrait mieux qu'ils ne fussent pas nés," and much more to the same effect. The "affaire" changed all that, and the creator of Monsieur Bergeret had nothing but praise for the dead creator of *Coupeau*, not, be it noted, because Zola was a writer, for France said nothing on that score, but because he was the disinterested and vigorous defender of Dreyfus.

Another writer who is still resting is Paul Bourget. He has some right to repose after "L'Étape," in which he woke up and showed some of his old vigor. The book was "slated" by some of his enemies, but I think that the majority of discriminating readers received it with as much favor as Mr. Henry James's admirers extended to "The Wings of the Dove." Pierre Loti, also ever popular, is on board ship in his capacity as a naval officer known as M. Viaud, but he is probably planning some new book in the intervals of his watches at sea. Calmann Lévy recently published his "Derniers Jours de Pékin," together with his "Oeuvres Complètes." Georges Ohnet, ever popular with the masses, I have not seen on the boulevards, his favorite exercise ground on fine afternoons, for a long time. The winter, no doubt, will see another addition to that big pile of palpitating fiction labelled by M. Ohnet "Batailles de la Vie." It has been the fashion to decry Ohnet, but nobody can deny that he has written some thoroughly interesting books. His style has been ridiculed and his abundant adjectives have frequently afforded the critics full scope for their satire. Ohnet has in reality given offence by his introduction of certain well-known persons into his novels. Animosity was originally organized against him by the followers and the admirers of Zola, who resented the enormous success of Ohnet's "Maître de Forges" when it appeared. That book, and Ludovic Halévy's "Abbé Constantin," showed the

reaction against Zola's naturalism. Maurice Maeterlinck, whom I lately met wandering amid the picturesque streets and along the sluggish canals of old Bruges, is slowly elaborating his next book. Maeterlinck has not yet returned to his Parisian residence at Passy, where he lives when he is not in his native city of Ghent, in Belgium, and where his parents reside. Many of the other literary people are gradually returning to town after the holidays, and I saw a few of them the other night in a boulevard restaurant, conspicuous among the collection being Catulle Mendès, who is growing extremely obese, although he still has his auburn hair and beard. He now writes very little poetry and is not so prolific a producer of erotic novels as he formerly was. He is chiefly occupied as dramatic critic of the "Journal," in which he writes voluminous notices of first performances. A foreigner, who knew little about Catulle's literary work, called him the other day the "father of the theatre and the king of critics."

Among the writers to the front with new books in October are Paul and Victor Marguerite, sons of a general who was among the first to be killed in the Franco-German War. They publish "Deux Vies," an attack on the divorce laws, and an appeal in favor of free-love unions. The brothers brought the story out as a serial in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," but the editor of that periodical insisted on having some of the stuff bowdlerized, as it was too strong for his readers. The Marguerites in "Deux Vies" also give us some graphic sketches of the Paris bench and bar. M. Saint Georges de Bouhélier, who is known equally as poet and novelist, appears in October with the "Histoire de Lucie." She is a sort of literary courtesan, who, being arrested for the murder of her seducer and first lover, writes her memoirs in the St. Lazare prison for females. The au-

thor has had in his mind's eye that noted "professional beauty," Liane de Pougy, who has turned the heads of a goodmany young men, like the "beautiful Otero" and others of that stamp. A book somewhat like "Lucie" is the "Enfin, Seules," by Jeanne Landre and Berthe Mariani. "En Garnison," by G. Kérouan, gives the history of an enamored and chivalrous officer who becomes the victim of malignant tongues in a small garrison town. So, too, does the woman whom he loves, and whom the author inconsiderately burns in the Charity Bazaar fire which horrified Paris and the world nearly six years back. Of books treating boldly and unblushingly with the erotic, we have Jean Lorrain's "Vice Errant," and Victorien du Saussay's "Beautés Ardentes." The names of these productions speak for themselves.

In poetry there has been equally little to show. M. Henry Rigal's Sapphic imitations are good in spite of some detestably inharmonious lines. In the line of literary drama we have just had Henri Bauër's "Maitresse," produced at the Vaudeville. Bauër is a big, burly, rather popular man who has been dramatic critic and general journalist for the past twenty-five years. It is finely written, and the dialogue excellent; he has taken lessons from Henri Becque and from Henrick Ibsen, but his plot is old-fashioned and threadbare. The "Maitresse" is a woman who has done everything for her lover who leaves her for a fresher rival, but has subsequently to throw himself on her bounty. The quondam critic was well received as a dramatist by his old colleagues. M. Pierre Veber, however, called "Maitresse" the futile effort of a non-literary person to write literature, or something to that effect. This was undoubtedly malignant, and Bauër has since shown that the attack was due to the fact that he passed unfavorable remarks on Veber's farces

and small dramatic things a few years ago.

The recent revival of Rostand's very successful "Aiglon," at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, without the great Sarah herself, for she is touring among Danes and Germans, reminds one of the Comte de Reiset's "Memoirs," edited by his grandson. These have just been published by Plon, Nourrit & Cie. The Count is no Talleyrand, but he is interesting, and, furthermore, he is a writer of diplomatic memoirs which are rather rare. He began his diplomatic career in 1840, at the age of nineteen, and went to Vienna, Rome, Frankfort, and St. Petersburg. He saw a great deal in Italy, notably the war between Piedmont and Austria, culminating in the defeats at Mortara and Novara, and the abdication of Charles Albert, father of the first Victor Emmanuel. M. de Reiset is anecdotic, notably about the Empress Maria Louisa, mother of the "Aiglon." He raises the question, "Did Maria Louisa really love Napoleon?" The Count saw at Parma the letters sent by the Austrian princess to the Emperor whom she was to marry. These epistles were full of tenderness, and exhibited Maria Louisa's intense desire to do everything possible to please the Emperor. After the marriage Maria Louisa, wanting to show her affection for Napoleon, said that if he did not return, at the time specified, from one of his military campaigns, she would go to his camp dressed as a page boy. In spite of these demonstrations, the Marchesa Scarampi, to whom the Empress handed over her correspondence, doubted, according to the Comte de Reiset, if Maria Louisa ever loved Napoleon. It is possible that she may have done so at the time of the marriage, but, afterwards, he frightened her until she trembled before him. While she was living at Parma with Count Neipperg, to whom she was

married morganatically, she hardly ever spoke of Napoleon. This is altogether an interesting collection of souvenirs for those who care to return to the picturesque past. I must not forget to add that the Count has much to say about the Duc de Berry, and the Englishwoman, Amy Brown.

Morocco has attracted much attention of late years, and there has been a vast deal printed and published about that mysterious empire which has had Roman, Vandal, Greek, and Arab masters. According to what we read in Captain Erckmann's book published in Paris by Challamel, "Le Maroc Moderne," the country is much the same as it was hundreds of years ago, and little or no progress of the European or American sort has been accomplished. The other half-a-dozen books about Morocco which have recently appeared in Paris tell the same tale. Captain Erckmann, who is a French artillery officer, has many things to say about harem life, of which he captured some of the secrets.

In general literature, I note that Laurent Tailhade, whom I have already alluded to as the "literary Anarchist," has published a French translation of the "Satyricon" of Petronius Arbiter. Tailhade, as will be seen, has been extremely active since he emerged from prison, where he was sent for his incitations to revolt and dynamitic violence. Petronius is beginning to be known, owing to the enormous success of "Quo Vadis." Sienkiewicz has made the celebrated Roman satirist fashionable once more, although some French critics object to the phantasmagoric novel of the Polish author, whom they accuse of patchwork, and whom they describe as having succeeded through clerical protection. Tailhade has done his work well, and there is a very good preface by Jacques de Boisjohn, who discourses very learnedly on the doubts as to the authorship of the

"Satyricon," and the attempts made to add patches to, and to complete, that remarkable production.

It is not too late to refer to Emile Zola. He died soon after the first Paris letter was despatched to *THE READER*. No one could have then imagined that the extremely active and still vigorous writer who was giving four new gospels to the world, as an apostle of sheer materialism and a limner of nudest nature, was so soon to depart this life. Religious people have seen in his extraordinary end a punishment for Zola's blasphemy and obscenity. Others, who laud him for his evidently disinterested championship of the cause of Alfred Dreyfus, hold on to the man's affability and amiability. Zola was undoubtedly an amiable man enough in private life. He was vainglorious, naturally, and thought an immense deal about his work. He believed himself to be a veritable modern apostle, a man with a mission, a writer who had many messages for the world.

The writer of these lines knew Emile Zola fairly well, and can testify to the man's amiability. I met him once at his quaint country-house at Médan, near Poissy, that popular riverside place much frequented by American and other artists on the look-out for bits of river scenery. He was then planning the "Rêve," written at the suggestion of his publisher, Char-

pentier, who wanted a book by Zola that his daughter, just entering womanhood, could read. My next meeting with the novelist was in his house in the Rue de Bruxelles, near which I live. I went to see him in order to capture his confidences about his visit to London, whither he had been invited by the Institute of Journalists. He was in excellent health and spirits after his trip across the Channel. The English, who had so often condemned his strongest books, received him with much show of effusion, and the wife of a journalist, overcome by emotion and champagne, wanted to embrace him in public. The last time I saw Zola was after he had returned from his second visit to London, where he had been hiding during part of the Dreyfus agitation. I met him in the Rue de Clichy, near his residence, and he was then, apparently, full of good spirits, although reported to be harassed and worn out by his sacrifices and sufferings in the cause of Alfred Dreyfus. He now lies in Montmartre Cemetery, that mournful last resting-place of so many once brilliant Frenchmen, including Henry Beyle or "Stendhal," one of Zola's precursors in literary realism. He lies, too, not far from the tomb of Heinrich Heine, who was carried to Montmartre from his "Matratzen-gruft," in the same neighborhood as that wherein Zola has died.

W. F. L.

Zola

FELT thou the throbbing pulse of Paris' heart;
 Held thou its loves and passions, mastering;
 Played thou, as skilful player plays his part;
 Died thou, the people's unloved, uncrowned king.

—JEAN BARROT.

Reviews

Poetry of the Month

BY BLISS CARMAN

I MAY as well confess that I feel like boasting at having read every line of "Captain Craig." I further confess that when I was half way through I was sorely tempted to lay it down, and that then I was impelled to go on to the end, partly by the tattered voice of a reviewer's conscience, found somewhere in the gloomy lofts of memory, and partly (another confession) with expectation of self-laudatory remarks when I should accomplish my task. Now, I regret to say that I don't feel altogether like commending myself for anything but honesty. "Captain Craig" is worse than Browning—with all that that statement implies. To read it through at a sitting is like a long swim under water—quite as much a feat as a pleasure.

"Captain Craig" is really a psychological novelette in blank verse. You would say off-hand that such a thing is impossible. Indeed, I almost find myself beginning to argue against it, as being something far better fitted for prose treatment than for poetry. I would like to say that poetry cannot do such things because it is not exact and analytical enough. Poetry demands a plain story, if it be a ballad that is in building, and then proceeds to enhance its value with lovely and impassioned words. Or if the tale is really psychological and complex, then

poetry resorts to the drama and translates the psychology into action before portraying it. But in either case poetry does not keep close to the original fact. It takes the original fact for granted as already in the reader's mind, and uses that as a text for discourse. An analytical novel is always something of a scientific achievement as well as an artistic one, and poetic expression can only be a hindrance to scientific exposition.

I feel, therefore, that "Captain Craig" is a mistake rather than a failure; and it is only saved from being the most dreary of failures by the very marked power of its author. Mr. Robinson made himself known by his first book of poems, "Children of the Night," two or three years ago, and his present venture shows boldness of ambition and seriousness of aim. It shows more than that, too; for unless it had great cleverness, the sort of cleverness that Browning has in his monologues, it would be impossible. But, as I say, the subject is against him, and Mr. Robinson, I feel, will come to better things when he changes his purpose a little and sets himself other tasks. His arrow has gone very wide of the mark, not at all because he is a poor shot, but because his vision for the time being is not clear. At least, that is one reader's opinion; and it is advanced with a great

deal of respect for the writer's sincerity and genuine force. It is only that I found myself being bored by "Captain Craig"; but if others can enjoy it, why, then, I must admit it is altogether as admirable as it certainly is capable. And here is a further final confession that I find to make; it was the verse that bored and impeded me, while the story itself and the psychology lured me on. This fact makes me believe I am right in saying the book is a misdirected effort, for all its power.

With Mr. E. S. Martin's new volume the case is quite otherwise. The aim is modest, but the execution is so adequate that we must acknowledge its complete success. In his book, "A Little Brother to the Rich," issued some years ago now, Mr. Martin made his first success with the careless and indulgent public, winning instant approval by his genial and hearty verses, at once so light in manner and so sound in their matter. Somewhere in the same region as Austin Dobson and Dr. Holmes, Mr. Martin preëempted a small field for himself and cultivated it with care and without too much diligence. He has not been a voluminous poet, and as a consequence his poems have the same spontaneity and manliness they showed at first; the humor, too, and the same good-natured creed.

If "Captain Craig" is somewhat forbidding even at the outset, with its unmistakable prose accent:

"I doubt if ten men in all Tilbury Town
Had ever shaken hands with Captain
Craig,
Or called him by his name, or looked
at him
So curiously, or so concernedly,
As they had looked at ashes;"

Mr. Martin's lengthy narrative, "Eben Pynchot's Repentance," is most engaging in manner, opening as follows:

"Eben Pynchot was sad, Eben Pynchot
was gloomy,
While it might be a trifle too much to
assume he
Was ready to vacate this vortex of
strife,
There was no denying he didn't like
life."

Now this poem, like "Captain Craig," is also a psychological study, but its manner saves it. There is just the same difference between them in manner that there is between Tennyson's blank verse novelettes and Browning's "Flight of the Duchess." The former pretentious, but literary and unreal; the latter rollicking and unclassical, but alive in every line. And I am inclined to reckon "Eben Pynchot's Repentance" a better poem than its author probably thinks; for the Comic Muse does not tolerate the least vanity in her devotees, and they are apt to be modest about their own work.

Mr. Barrett Wendell's "Raleigh in Guiana" has the prime merit of being readable. This is rare in the modern drama, and arises, I dare say, largely from the fact that the play was intended for production. It has interest and movement, and carries one's attention with something like facility through the difficult medium of printed dialogue. It also has the virtue of simple directness, so that one feels the writer's effort went to the creation of a single dramatic impression, rather than spent itself, as so often happens, in the futile embellishing and confused elaboration of a scene. He has made his blank verse subservient to the presentation of his characters; he has not made his characters dance attendance upon the whim of a wayward muse, as many would have done. Nor can one help wishing there were more plays produced under the same conditions. Whether their excellence might be great or slight, they would tend to foster a popular love for the legitimate stage, a popular feeling for the dramatic art, from which alone we can expect any national drama worthy of the name.

CAPTAIN CRAIG. *A Book of Poems.* By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.00, net.

POEMS AND VERSES. By Edward Sanford Martin. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

RALEIGH IN GUIANA. ROSAMUND AND A CHRISTMAS MASQUE. By Barrett Wendell. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50, net.

Some Books for Girls and Boys

BY MINNA SMITH

OUTDOORLAND " is charming; it is more, it is instructive. No little child would suspect it though, for it takes one quickly and subtly into the land of make-believe where anything can happen. The instruction is so joyfully insidious that grown-ups, too, who do not know everything, can gain knowledge about butterflies, apple trees, frogs, trout, and mosquitoes, spiders, snakes, and leaves of grass. To go through "Outdoorland" with a child is to see that this way of intimate and happy association is the only way to teach infant minds biology. Why should they be first to spell the word BI-bi-OL-ol-O-o-GY-gy?

Peter and Geraldine, a small brother and sister, were spelling it like that in syllables together out under an apple tree. Their governess sat on the grass, her back against the tree, and the rhythm of their voices made her go to sleep. Then all the waking world began to talk to them. All outdoors, of course, always speaks to everybody. But Geraldine and Peter heard the words that all the little Outdoor people had to say to them. Mr. Robert Chambers wrote them down. Mr. Reginald Birch made fascinating pictures about it all and covers for "Outdoorland." This is a book sure to be cherished by Indoor children as young as Peter and Geraldine, on rainy or snowy days, or at bed time. If they hear it read outdoors they will be certain to listen if the butterflies are talking, and you will have to stop, too, to listen. This new wonder-book opens nature, love, and knowledge to children younger than Alice in her Wonderland—yes, to children young as Arabella and young as Araminta. One thing will puzzle them,

though. It puzzles me. Why are so many of the little live things cross and pettish when they are telling Peter and Geraldine the story of their lives? Is that natural history, or a bookish echo of fables from the days of Aesop to those of Ade? The apple tree is all right. He tells the small boy and girl that the little folk of Outdoor love little Indoor children and long for their love in return. The butterfly and robin are amiable, but the dragon-fly is irritable, the trout is disdainful, the frog deeply disgusted, the snake sharp and scornful, the spider almost too snappish. But, anyway, I know four little girls and three little boys that I want to give a copy of "Outdoorland" to.

There is realness in "The Flag on the Hill Top," a story of Civil War days in a border county of Southern Illinois, where sympathy for the North and for the South pulled two ways among old neighbors. The scenery of the locality with its river-bluffs and bottoms is true to the actual. The people are alive. The book is written well. A boy, Alec Ford, of Southern birth and sympathies, who has been at school in Massachusetts, comes after the death of his father to live with his uncle, Dr. Ford, who, in the face of friends become hostile, and grateful patients who hate his politics, flies the flag of the Union before their eyes from the hilltop above his house. The doctor's old neighbors plan to kill him and pull it down, but he is never afraid, although before the book is done he has to look death in the face, and show it that it has no victory. The way the flag is raised again is the heart of the story.

From the moment Alec Ford gets off the train in this debatable county, and

meets, first Hiram Jeemes and then Thomas Deems, of opposed politics, his own swift-crowding adventures on and under the ground lead towards that return of the pulled-down flag in obedience to a law more potent than partisanship.

This story is one to rouse the joy of emotion for the flag, as well as of content with good writing, good work.

Catharine of "Catharine's Proxy" is a very rich girl, somewhat spoiled, but not wholly, being American and capable of rising above even the environment of her own character. She hates school to the point of running away from it, though she goes back again. But she will not stay. So her father proposes that she choose a proxy, a girl to whom she can give her room and tuition at the boarding-school on the Hudson River, which Catharine insists on leaving, to go home and stay with her father in New England. Rosalie Courtenay, daughter of a painter of New Orleans, Paris, and New York, is the girl she chooses. Rosalie, the proxy, is a beauty and has perfect French, and not only reforms the dress, the manners, and the religious expression of the school, but superintends a great performance of Racine's "Esther" at the close of the year, and is the cause of the school being put on visiting terms with the boys' academy near by. She had been at school with German countesses and princesses abroad, and her virtues are unconscious—not a bit priggish. She stays as a pupil teacher, and Catharine comes back. There are lifelike descriptions of the boys at the other school, of a Harvard-Yale ball game, of a trip to New York, and vacation days at Bar Harbor. The book is dedicated to a little German baroness. Girls are getting intimate internationally nowadays. There is a medium between the two brown serges and the black aprons of a young Prussian princess at school and the twenty-five silk waists of a girl from Chicago. That is the lesson of this readable story.

"Nathalie's Chum" is a cheerful tale, one that reads like a true story from life. This author has that gift. Her three earlier books for girls have given her a sure hold of them and how to write for them. Nathalie is an orphan of fifteen,

well-bred and natural, who, with her younger sister—naughty girl, Peggy!—and her two little brothers—delightful bothers!—goes from New England to New York to live with their big brother, Harry Arterburn. He is an instructor in the university, and has just returned from a four years' post-graduate course in Germany. He also gets a thousand a year as tutor to the backward son of a rich composer of music, who lives near Central Park. This boy, Kingsley Barrett, and Nathalie become good chums, but it is her close and growing comradeship with her brother Harry which gives the title to the story. The book is pleasant in its descriptions of several New York people and in its glimpses of New York scenes, as well as of summer days at Quantuck, evidently Siasconset on the island of Nantucket.

"Jack and His Island" is a Maryland story of our second war with England. It is a very attractive volume, with beautiful clear type and with a dark blue cover showing a white ship tossing on waves. There is a distinct cultivation in the appreciation of good bookmaking for boys and girls who possess this book. They will learn from it some facts of history and get a pleasant story of adventure, hear the sound of salt sea-waves, be present at a dramatic jail-mobbing, and be glad that Jack keeps his island in the end.

Anecdotes and incidents in rhyme make up the entertaining letter-press of "When the Heart is Young." Most children who get hold of the book will read the verses. All will look at the pictures. Mr. Harper Pennington has made attractive illustrations. It is a pity that several of the full-page ones are smeared in the reproduction. The small pictures come out much better, but the terrifying Whoo—evidently of the jabberwock species—when pictured denies, alas! Mr. White-lock's delightful assertion:

"It ain't a-seein' Whoos though, hurts,
It's havin' them see you!"

"Brenda's Cousin at Radcliffe" is a thorough and careful criticism of life, a serious piece of fiction, revealing in its

three hundred and eighteen pages admirable grasp of the sincerity of purpose and love of study of the Radcliffe College girl. Miss Reed has made a good picture of the life of girls of all sorts at the women's college in Cambridge, including the social recreations which are not counted least among the advantages of those girls who go on from school to college.

There is such vigor and go in Mr. Tomlinson's historical stories that no healthy boy who reads them can possibly stop to care whether he is learning anything or not. He could never for a moment resent it, more than he could resent whatever he might learn of wood lore by the way when he went a-fishing. Henry Miner, the boy who went adventuring in "Under Colonial Colors," learned much wood-lore on his way, for he was one of Colonel Benedict Arnold's young men on the expedition to Quebec, on whose success General Washington had set his heart. But his desire to annex Canada was not destined to be fulfilled, and Arnold's men had a rough experience. The boy whose fortunes we follow shared them all by land and sea, and came safely back to his Pennsylvanian home again after a winter in prison. There is a description of an attempted escape of American prisoners in Quebec which is extremely well done, and the character of Hugh the trapper stands out, one to be remembered as a genuine type of those who "loved and fought and made our world."

OUTDOORLAND. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated in Color by Reginald Birch. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

THE FLAG ON THE HILLTOP. By Mary Tracy Earle. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 90 cents.

CATHARINE'S PROXY. By Myra Sawyer Hamlin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.20.

NATHALIE'S CHUM. By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.

JACK AND HIS ISLAND. By Lucy Thurstont. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.

WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG. By William Wallace Whitelock. Illustrated

by Harper Pennington. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.00.

BRENDA'S COUSIN AT RADCLIFFE. By Helen Leah Reed. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.

UNDER COLONIAL COLORS. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.20.

ALADDIN O'BRIEN. By Gouverneur Morris. The Century Company, New York. \$1.25.

By S. DECATUR SMITH, JR.

PEACE after battle; rest and a silence after the clamor and din of war. These are the feelings that come to the reader upon the conclusion of Gouverneur Morris's second story, "Aladdin O'Brien." And it is a rest that is most refreshing, for the closing chapters of the book move so rapidly, so much happens, and the lives of the leading characters are so strenuous within the period comprised, that the relief is welcome. Breathless, indeed, is the account of the battle of Gettysburg, in which the two chief male figures take part. Rivals in love, each one achieves his victory, and, although death is the portion of one of them, it comes following the granting of his heart's desire, and the mercifully fallacious assurance that the love of his lifetime is returned. It is rather a new thing that Mr. Morris has done in the fabrication of this episode. To have the girl marry, on his deathbed, the one of her two lovers for whom she cares the least, is an unfamiliar device. But the last happiness is bestowed upon him that his faithful service has deserved, and one finds no fault with the sacrifice, for such it is, of the two true lovers.

"Tom Beauling," this new writer's first story, revealed a talent that made one hope for much, and it is pleasant to be able to say that there is no disappointment in this, his second effort. "Aladdin O'Brien" is a charming book. It has grace of style, it tells its story clearly and directly, and it is filled with a humanitarian spirit (in the better sense of the word)

that is quite rare and very delightful. The narrative itself is slender; there is no intricacy of plot, little doubt in the reader's mind as to the outcome; and the whole charm of the story lies in the simplicity of its telling of the devotion of two entirely worthy lovers, their rivalry, bitter at first, rising to a generous emulation, and the strong love of each for the other sprung from recognition of the qualities that ennoble each. Not often does one read the record of a finer moment in a man's life than that in which Aladdin reads to Peter, blinded by his wound, the supposititious letter from Margaret.

The characters in the book are not many, and there is not a villain among them. They are clearly and firmly drawn, well individualized, and their dialogue is natural, well adapted to each personality, and is often bright and amusing. The book is one to commend without reserve. It possesses the quality of sympathetic appreciation of the better side of human nature. The writer looks ever for the lovable, not for the unlovely side of people, and always manages to find it. And he has the special merit of conveying a certain atmosphere of gentleness that is distinguished and apart, and of making us feel that we are in company with the elect.

THE LOOM OF LIFE. By Charles Frederic Goss. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

By J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

HAD not the writer's previous book, "The Redemption of David Corson," been so widely read we should consider it scarce worth while to review his present novel. But as some prospective buyers might be tempted into purchasing a volume they could have no possible use for, it is no less than a duty to submit the following remarks for their perusal; these remarks, be it understood, serving not so much as a prohibition, a definite "No admission on these literary premises," but rather as a simple warning to beware of the Dog of Melodrama.

It is a characteristic of works of this breed that they are grossly and horrifyingly moral. The hellish deed is done, the villain leaps forth and strikes the heroine full on the angel face, when a strong hand—for the hero has been "lying low" several chapters—suddenly seizes him by the collar and chucks him, dazzled, into the adjacent shrubbery. Then fall the morals, like universal manna white from heaven.

The story is after this wise: A gilded youth of Cincinnati named Gurney while hunting in Tennessee is injured and taken to the home of a deranged planter, who has a Jane Eyreish maniac wife and an impossible daughter called Helen. Helen was born in Athens and believes in the Greek myths. She speaks Greek, dresses like a Greek goddess (save the mark!) and goes a-hunting like Diana with bow and arrows, her aim of course being inevitably perfect. This shadowy virgin Gurney betrays and abandons, bringing down on himself the hatred of Helen's nurse, an Egyptian snake-charmer and sorceress named Sybil, who incites her charge to holy revenge, and who, by means of "second sight," can always tell whither Gurney is going; and this gift, as the revenge consists in hounding the guilty man à la Roger Chillingworth till he beats his breast in secret penitence and dread, is invaluable. It is needless to say that the unfortunate villain debates whether he shall commit murder or suicide. But the decision is characteristic: he takes to drink instead and has a ménage with a squaw in the wicked Northwest, where at last he is murdered for the sake of the moral by this jealous Indian Phryne. The story is, of course, far more opulent of sensational episodes than we have indicated here. A serpent buries its fangs in the neck of the sorceress, there is a Felix Holt riot, a trial for lunacy with a magniloquent outburst by the accused, a moonlight adventure in the Coliseum—what not? Wherever we step the Dog of Melodrama leaps out.

Were this tale at all convincing, were it sincere in impulse or done with superior skill, it might be that even so absurd a jumble of events would conjure up in our minds some poor ghost of pleasure or

reasonable interest. But the whole mass is so venal and manufactured, untrue and unwholesome, that we conceive it but an act of human charity to quarantine it with a fence of spiked criticism.

ALL THE RUSSIAS. *By Henry Norman, M.P. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$4.00, net.*

BY FRANK B. TRACY

THE future of Russia is the most fascinating subject in all international politics. Never has this topic been more attractive than now. There are four Great Powers in the Eastern hemisphere whose activities are so constant and energies so powerful that the relations of any one of these to the others are liable at any moment to cause friction and shock. Take Russia, Germany, Great Britain, and Japan out of international politics and the Old World would have little worth talking about or scrambling for. Great Britain, after centuries of the most tremendous growth ever known in history, has for the past twenty-five years seemed to sleep, to endure almost any sort of insult; she became so careless as to her national integrity as to allow herself to become embroiled in war when unprepared, and thus to suffer most terrible humiliations. But the Lion is now aroused, and England will certainly have a foreign policy in the future which will bring back the days of Palmerston. Germany under Bismarck and the present Kaiser has startled the world by its great growth in commerce and power, although a country of inferior natural resources and small in territory. Japan has lifted the veil of the Orient and is the most powerful and promising state of Asia. But Russia! Her every movement is a perpetual menace to every other nation in two continents. She is so greedy that her every step means aggression and encroachment, and she is so vast that these steps seem practically incapable of resistance. There is no other nation like her. Her progress, lumbering and inertia-like, is yet the most marvellous tale of the centuries, and Henry Norman,

M.P., has told the story so well that it sounds like romance. His work, "All the Russias," is without doubt the most interesting and, on the whole, the most accurate, unbiased, and informing volume yet issued on the great Russian problem.

But this work is by no means merely an industrial or political study. It is first and primarily a book of travel, written by a man with a mind stored with facts, by a traveller who kept ears and eyes open, an interpreter by his side and a camera in his hand. These, with the entrée which his position in British politics and literature gave him, resulted in an accumulation of vivid impressions, vital facts, and striking figures so combined that we learn while we seem to be only entertained.

The serious handicap to the success and value of such an exhaustive work as this is the fact that before it is off the press it is in a way out-of-date. What does Mr. Norman think of the great distress in the Russian industrial world which now prevails? What does he think of the news by cable only a few weeks ago that 5,000 men have been thrown out of employment by a failure in Odessa? To the student of Russian affairs, a crisis in Russia is on. That country seems to need something now besides the sublime optimism of Mr. Norman. And yet, this disturbance may mean no more to real Russian progress than the panic of nine years ago in this country, where now the thought of destitution is almost beyond the pale of the imagination. At any rate, the view which Mr. Norman has given us of Russia is beyond doubt a most helpful and interesting one, making of that frozen and cruel land almost a realm of romance.

THE LIFE OF A WOMAN. *By R. F. Risley. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.*

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

MR. Risley has a genuine literary gift; he is rich in words and their telling arrangement, he needs to express himself through language. His work has a vital touch, it has color, vibra-

tion, animation, he is "one and a piece" with every sentence that he pens. His manner is not always good, but he has the quality of making his readers confident; they feel certain that he will not suddenly give out and leave them in arid uninteresting lands. He has studied Maupassant with some advantage to his style and evidently has a close affection for Paris and Parisian methods in general. Yet he is not morose. We like him.

"The Life of a Woman" endeavors to depict the gradual disillusioning—in this case sure as a tragic fate—of a woman named Barbara, who, possessing the imaginative temperament, marries a prosaic, self-made business man called Craige. All maiden expectation goes, little by little, out of life, the reds and yellows turn colorless, one by one the wildflower hopes are plucked and tossed away, existence becomes but a routine, and she surrenders, broken—not to the tawdry allurements of an *amant*, but to that sworn enemy of youth and mystery and romance, suburban domesticity.

We feel something lacking, however. By the title we felt we had a right to expect a real woman—not necessarily a grand one, but a mature, typical, thoroughly womanly woman. Mr. Risley's heroine, sweet as she is, never seems to abandon her girlhood. She lacks ripeness and dignity. She seems a little wilful and childish at times; she hasn't the hips and shoulders for a large design. The writer may have intended, of course, that she should convey just such a maiden-like, completely untypical effect, but the name of the book is in that case not felicitous, leading us to expect, as it does, something noble and sacrificial. Perhaps what Mr. Risley means to tell us is that if Barbara had ever known real love she would have been better than she was; but we think such a hypothetical explanation is a little lame.

We have most praise for the writer's delineation of two auxiliary characters—Autran and Bess Marguerite. The former is a gentleman of very pronounced gentle type who, while somewhat the grandchild of Balzac, is, nevertheless, totally individual, life-giving, ideal. His negativity towards life is in truth so

powerful an impulse as to imbue us with positive hope and purpose. He is one of the sterlingest characters in recent fiction. And Bess Marguerite belongs at his side. Where have we the prototype of this wayward, mysterious lass, whose heart is in the bohemia of dreams, and whose actions are but the grotesque mimicries of the movements of a supplicating soul? Mr. Risley's book will be of special interest to one who is familiar with New York and the suburbs. The shopping-district, the street-car, the ferry, the Twenty-ninth Street dance-hall, the electric signs on Broadway, the lodgings in Lexington Avenue—all are drawn with a fresh and enjoyable realism.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE. By Mary Adams. The Century Company, New York. \$1.50.

BY MARY H. FLINT

IN the March number of the "Century" a new story by an unknown author was announced. It was heralded as a book of "remarkable confessions, written with great spontaneity and vivacity, and often with unusual force and beauty of style." Marna, we were told, was "a character no less typical than individual and engaging."

Naturally, we looked forward to a fascinating revelation of an uncommon and charming personality. Great was the disappointment then to find at the very beginning of the book that Marna Trent was a silly girl, inordinately self-conceited, imagining herself something decidedly above her fellow mortals—made of finer clay than ordinary flesh and blood. Marna lived alone with her father, and Dana Herwin, his private secretary, fell in love with her. During the time of Dana's courtship of Marna and of their engagement one can partly forgive her silliness, but, even for that period, it is overdone. After her marriage one looks for some subsidence of her sentimental gush, but, on the contrary, the silly girl becomes an insufferable woman. Her conceit takes the form of great moral self-superiority. Her

"love" for her husband is supremely selfish and exacting, and this egotistic and "engaging" heroine seems to have no rational moments.

Dana takes morphine. No wonder. The only strange thing is that he does not also take to drink and all other forms of riotous living. At last he leaves her, and one is not surprised. Up to this point the book develops naturally enough. It is a disagreeable but rather clever delineation of a very disagreeable and not at all clever young woman. But now comes an abnormal turn of affairs—Dana, after a year's absence, returns to be cured of the morphine habit by the same "love" and "devotion" that drove him to it! At least, we have been led to think he took the morphine and deserted Marna because she was intolerable. But now we are given to understand that there was no reason whatever for Dana's taking the morphine, and that he only went away because he was afraid of being found out! Instantly we feel that we have been tricked, and such qualified admiration as the skill of the writer has previously called for must be withdrawn, for now the tone of the book rings false.

One is constantly called upon in these days to cry out against much that is unclean in our books and our drama. But, while not defending this style of literature, vice can be painted so intractably as to teach a lesson. So false sentiments, if portrayed as false ones, could also teach a lesson. Love is a sacred thing, with unselfishness for its corner-stone, but when a compound of supreme self-righteousness, sentimentality, selfishness, and hysterics is shown to us as a true representation of the deepest and purest affection, one closes the "Confessions of a Wife" with a nauseating feeling of the unwholesomeness of the book.

Many people seem to be agitating themselves over the question whether Mary Adams is a man or a woman. It is of no consequence, but one woman feels quite sure that no man could consider Marna a heroine, and hopes that no woman cannot easily resist her baneful influence.

THE SILENCE OF AMOR. *Prose Rhythms* by Fiona Macleod. \$1.25, net. BY SUNDOWN SHORES. *Studies in Spiritual History* by Fiona Macleod. Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me. 75 cents, net.

THESE two books are reprints of Miss Macleod's most inimitable work. To the "excellent and toil-worn public" they come like a refreshing breath of the wind that moves as a fairy shuttle throughout all Celtic thought and feeling. "The Silence of Amor" is the name now given to a collection first published in 1896, at the end of the volume of verse, "From the Hills of Dream"—and has the added charm of a personal critical valuation by Miss Macleod, whose criticism is apart and complete equally with her verse. She objects to the application of the term "prose-poems" to these, her dreamings; yet in seeking an acceptable alternative the uninitiated only become stranded on the equally objectionable term "poetical-prose." "The value of the form," says Miss Macleod, "will lie in its adaptability to an emotional mood desiring a particular rhythm and a particular harmony that is something more than the lightest tread of prose, something less than the more delicate or stately measures of verse." And the illustration of such form she sustains—certainly with a master-hand.

"By Sundown Shores" is a series of sketches of lowly people borne on by the strong current of superstition. Yet superstition seems too harsh a word for the shimmering veiled vision of a wistful race. Surely it is a very spiritual superstition—the old custom, for example, of the "mothering" of a new-born child by touching its brow to the earth is the honest recognition of the god-giving strength of the Universal Mother; and such usage among widely differing primitive peoples shows a broad underlying perception of fundamental laws which makes holy this "old, pagan, sacramental earth-rite."

Perhaps the most beautiful of these communings is the hitherto unpublished tale, "The Lynn of Dreams"—the tale of John O'Dreams—"who loved words as the many love the common things of desire," and who "was known in that

world, at once so narrow and so wide, where the love of perfected utterance in prose or verse is not only a joy but an ideal." This lover pursued the "shadowy hints of words, the incommunicable charm" through the versing of the ages; "in that shaped thought and colored utterance which was the child of his longing"; nor could he find the "thin, invisible line that only the soul knows, when it leaves its mortality, as fragrance leaves a rose at dusk."

Very fanciful is this vision; tremblingly with us like a will-o'-the-wisp over the Loch of Shadows; yet who that loveth words in their stark beauty knows not the longing for the inexplicable?

I. M.

THE SPLENDID IDLE FORTIES. By Gertrude Atherton. Illustrated by Harrison Fisher. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

FROM chronicles of the old Spanish California of the brave Quixotic days before the Mexican war Gertrude Atherton has drawn the components heaped together in a dozen tales now grouped under the suggestive title of "The Splendid Idle Forties." Substantially the same collection was issued some years ago, and was then called "Before the Gringo Came." The revision and enlargement of the present edition have not changed the essential character of the book, which is rather that of rich but crude material for fiction than the refined product itself.

In one of the stories, a United States army officer calls for enchiladas—"that delightful dish with which I remonstrate all night—olives and cheese and hard-boiled eggs and red peppers, all rolled up in corn-meal cakes," to be washed down with a swallow of aguardiente. And that is what Mrs. Atherton's California stories are like.

Proud Spanish señoritas with mantillas and guitars, caballeros in velvet, silk, and silver, mounted on gorgeously-caparisoned, prancing horses, dueñas with faces like a withered prune, feudal generals and governors, missionary priests, Indian

vaqueros, and an occasional Gringo for contrast—these typical characters, set in varied combinations against the romantic background of old Monterey, with its luxurious, passionate customs of living, its sapphire crescent bay, encircling hills, forts, cypresses, and sea-fogs, fill the pages of the book. It is a glittering pageant of by-gones, but rarely giving the illusion of real life.

Mrs. Atherton should take time and pains to develop these vivid sketches on the broader canvas of a novel—or, better still, a stage drama—and so realize the full value of the material now scattered loosely amongst thirteen "splendid idle" tales.

H. T.

HAUNTS OF ANCIENT PEACE. By Alfred Austin. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. The Macmillan Company, New York.

WHEN reading Mr. Austin's books we are always in gentle company. In "Haunts of Ancient Peace" we are again with the Poet and Veronica and the child-like Lamia. This is a story of an autumn driving tour through historic England, taken by the narrator in company with the three friends named above. The book is hard to classify. It cannot be called a novel, for of plot in the usual sense it has not a shadow; nor is it a book of travel, for the charming places it describes are never mentioned by name. The book is principally made up of conversations between the four travellers and the people whom they visit; well-bred, soft-voiced conversations, most of them on subjects which the modern world considers as disposed of some time ago. Though never very original, the characters sometimes say things that remain in the memory after the book is laid aside.

One incident is especially charming and very English. The four wanderers arrive about tea-time at a castle, "an ancestral home," whose mistress is an old friend of the Poet and Veronica. It happens that on the afternoon of their visit the members of the local branch of the Red-and-White Rose Society, tenants of

the estate and neighbors, are having their annual gathering in the grounds of the castle; and the host being absent, his little son of eleven years makes the customary speech to the people from the top of the terrace steps. He "delivered in a clear, deliberate voice the brief words which he explained he had been told to say to them. A Bossuet or a Fénelon could not have been more attentively listened to; and it was not till he ended, and his little speech was enthusiastically cheered, that a slight blush came over his cheeks, and a tremor over his manner, and he seemed to turn and cling to his mother, as though to ask what he ought to do next." This is delightful.

One of the poems, "Willowweed and Meadowsweet," is very pretty, especially the first stanza, which gives one a breath of the atmosphere of the whole story:

"Into untethered bark we stepped,
When the winds and waters slept,
In the silvery-curtained swoon
Of the languid afternoon,
Floating on 'twixt shore and shore,
Without rudder, sail, or oar;
Nothing stirring, nothing doing,
Save white clouds white clouds pursuing,
And the ringdove's lovelong cooing;
Skirting with slow swan-like feet
Willowweed and meadowsweet."

The book is charmingly illustrated with old-fashioned drawings.

E. B.

ISTAR OF BABYLON. *By Margaret Horton Potter. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

THE publishers of this novel have called it "The Persian Ben Hur," and "The Babylonian Quo Vadis"; they might have added, "An Asian Romola," for it contains suggestions of all three real masterpieces of literature. Indeed, it has more than suggestions—it has their atmosphere. And it is in atmosphere, technical workmanship, and power of stimulating and retaining interest that this story is admirable almost to the point of a success. Yet it falls so clearly short

of attaining success that it must be rated very nearly a failure; certainly, it is disappointing in the keenest degree and leaves the reader with an impression of utmost dissatisfaction and almost disgust.

It is the story of a Greek shepherd-bard who, hearing a traveller tell of the glories of the reincarnated goddess Istar of Babylon, leaves his home and flock to behold and worship the wonderful woman. Here we get a pretty picture of peasant life in Greece, in many ways the sweetest, daintiest bit of work in the book. But when our Greek reaches Babylon, we are at once lost in a maze of contradiction and upsetting visions and fancies. A Boston author of very recent fame for historical novels is said to owe his success to following his publishers' advice to besmirch some popular idol and exalt some disgraced celebrity. Miss Potter has evidently taken a similar cue. From the Bible, from profane historians, from Lord Byron and from other sources we have all secured certain conceptions of Belshazzar and Daniel with which this story is hopelessly askew; and as there is no historical basis for this twentieth century conception of Belshazzar as a beautiful character and hero, and of Daniel as a murderer, traitor, and coward, we must be pardoned our resentment of this adroit attempt to shift characters. Even calling the story a phantasy will not excuse such a piece of effrontery.

The story is exceedingly well told, its atmosphere is clear and fascinating, the pictures are wonderfully well done, and the characters act and speak most of the time like real men and women. It has so many elements of a genuine, worth-while novel that its inherent defects and superficialities are all the more distressing.

F. B. T.

THE SPENDERS. *By Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated by O'Neill Latham. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

WHEN you can read a whole book through—especially a long modern novel—and not be bored with a large part of it; when you find a book that is not tiresome, even in spots, you

feel like lauding that book to the skies and keeping your critical faculties in the background. This is the case with Mr. Wilson's "The Spenders." The book is thoroughly amusing. That is all it sets out to be, and as it accomplishes this so well, why not be contented with saying that it is a good book and letting its faults, for it has them, go? To amusing people much is forgiven; to amusing books everything should be forgiven.

This book deals with the third generation, a young man and his sister, and incidentally a foolish mother, who came to New York merely to spend money; and they succeed admirably; amusing themselves, their friends, and those who read about their doings. The pictures of New York society as shown in the corridors of the Waldorf are exceedingly funny and true; the whirl, the glitter, the dash, the splendor, the expensive vulgarity of the whole place is admirably shown. There has been no better description of gaudy New York than Mr. Wilson gives in this book. He includes all that you hear and all that you see of the public and splendid vulgarity of the city—all that has made New York famous as the place for spenders of money. And he has done it so well, with such clever touches of humor, not satire, that it is entertaining and not disgusting; and, so far as I can see, he tries to point no moral—save one that is so patent that it does not count. If anyone cannot have a good time spending his own money in New York, let him enjoy the spending of other people's; he will if he reads "The Spenders."

J. W. H.

CASTLE CRANECROW. By George Barr McCutcheon. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

THE best feature of this book is the title. We have all, of course, indulged in early youth in the fascinating game of "cranecrow," and by stirring fond recollections of those days the author has preëmpted our interest in his story. Unfortunately it is not justified. The tale starts out well enough, as, alas, do so many modern books, but before many chapters have been read we begin

to realize that we are in the hands of an unskilled or careless workman—or both combined? The unmistakable earmarks of hurry are present; poorly constructed sentences, lack of artistic repose and reserve, and, worst of all, the absence of character-drawing. For think as we may of the story of adventure, as represented by "The Prisoner of Zenda," it is, nevertheless, true that to the writing of a successful book of this sort an unclouded conception of one's *dramatis personae* and skill in their presentation are necessary. Otherwise, alas for the reader's interest and credulity. Neither of these qualifications has Mr. McCutcheon shown in his latest story, in which he may be said to have out-Hoped Mr. Hawkins himself.

The adventures in this book are endless, and piled on indiscriminately and unceasingly, as though the author feared he would not have other opportunity to use them all. Is it matter for wonder, then, that finally we grow somewhat indifferent to the outcome of this *potpourri*, although, of course, the outcome is a foregone conclusion? And yet the central idea of the story is happy—the winning of an American girl from a wicked, mercenary Italian prince by her former youthful sweetheart, on the eve of their marriage. Here is material capable of development into an excellent story, had the writer but gone to his task in the proper spirit. Unfortunately, however, he has been content to deal with marionettes who perform improbable acts in a most improbable manner, regardless of the fact that two improbabilities do not make a probability. Stupid, indeed, must be the tale that does not arouse at least a fleeting interest during its perusal. Yet such was the failure of "Castle Cranecrow," after the opening chapters.

W. W. W.

THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY. By Anthony Hope. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

ANTHONY Hope has written two kinds of stories; one interesting for the civilized detail, the other for the situation and plot. When we read the first kind we do not care about the result,

and we don't get excited. If we have plenty of leisure and care for little turns of expression, feeling, and thought, and care a great deal for clean and pleasant society, we are content with books like "The Dolly Dialogues." The mixture of tolerance, urbanity, and cynicism is just right for the idle person of refinement who does not want to do anything very difficult; even to feeling and thinking.

The other kind of book vein that Mr. Hope has done well (not very well: that would not be correct—it would imply effort and passion, which are not to be found in Anthony Hope) is the romantic story of adventure: as "The Prisoner of Zenda," where we are hurried along by a string of exciting impossibilities.

"The Intrusions of Peggy" is a mixture of these two manners. It has the Hope quality in the details—the indirect, civilized suggestiveness, the lightness, the touch of the mere stylist. One could make pertinent quotations *ad infinitum*. It has the other element, too—not so successful. There is intrigue and some excitement in it. We find that neither manner is here shown at Mr. Hope's best. It is not so good as "The Dolly Dialogues" and it is not so good as "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is the story of a widow who has her fling in the world of fashionable London, gets into numerous scrapes, and learns her lesson. Incidentally she reforms—unintentionally—a well-mannered and philosophic miser, who goes into his pocket-book to help her out of her trouble. He is led to do this by a delightful girl with wavy hair; sees how useless money is, and so marries the distressed and charming widow. Anthony Hope's bubbles are pretty—not very pretty; but, then, not everybody can make bubbles of any kind. Amusing conversation is somewhat rare, and this book contains a great deal of well-made talk.

H. H.

LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS. By John Oliver Hobbes. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.50.

HAD we but known it at the time, John Oliver Hobbes defined with tolerable accuracy what was to be her method in the title of that first book with

which she startled us a decade ago. "Some Emotions and a Moral" was a good title, not alone because of its epigrammatical sound; it defined and described the book. Incidentally it may be applied with justice to the author's succeeding works. At first there was something dazzling in that brilliant style; but as the eye becomes accustomed to the glare of epigram and neatly turned phrase it perceives the matter underneath the scintillating exterior. Mrs. Craigie deals precisely in emotions and morals—in anything but real, living, human beings. A character is for her an idea dressed in a clever, descriptive epithet. If the description is bright enough, it may blind us for the moment to the fact that the figure under it is only a skeleton—a mere framework of a man or woman, without flesh and blood. But sooner or later the skeleton is bound to obtrude itself.

With all her growing seriousness and control of much of the novelist's technique, Mrs. Craigie's latest book remains at one with her earliest work. The plot, in bare outline, is good; it diagrams well. This contest of a very latter-day prince and his secretary for the love of a beautiful English girl ought to be absorbing. The grouping of the characters is extraordinarily clever; the composition of the picture is admirable. If only these people had the breath of life in them, if one could but catch even for a minute the flush of red blood in their veins, all would be well. But one cannot be long interested even in the smartest talk when it proceeds from mere puppets. The ingenuity of the mechanism may be admirable; but is it art?

Once one has seen the lifelessness of these lay figures which Mrs. Craigie moves about the stage, the brilliant manner in which they are manipulated begins to pall. Mrs. Craigie's epigrams are not so startling as they were ten years ago. At bottom much of her cleverness rests on a mere trick. In her effort to avoid the commonplace, she discards all that other writers have agreed on as important, and insists on the trivial. No doubt an artist can often use the smallest matters in such way as to make them tremendously

significant. But Mrs. Craigie chooses the irrelevant detail, not because it is significant, but for the attention its very irrelevancy excites. She tells us that the private office of "Messrs. Sachs and Bickersteth" was "paneled with mahogany in the Empire style," and one is tempted to retort, what of it? "'Leonore' was reading 'The Blessed Damozel' (her favorite poem)." Another author would have condemned her to read "Lucille" with the same result. At first all these details sound smart—there is no doubt that they are an escape from the conventional. But Mrs. Craigie has carried them to a point where she has created a convention of her own, more tiresome than the common-places she has left behind her. If it were new, "Love and the Soul Hunters" would be clever; but it is old, very old—at least ten years old—and its once brilliant mannerism is a memory of the past.

E. C.

ITALIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

By Luigi Villari. Edited by William Harbutt Dawson. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.20, net.

IT is rare that facts and general information are found so charmingly combined with a commentary that is well worth reading by itself—based upon thorough knowledge, unprejudiced, well-balanced. This book will help to do away with the old-fashioned "stiletto and song" idea, so dear to the hearts of those who look furtively about for Roman fever and brigands. A plain, unvarnished tale that makes the Italian like other people; that robs him of his time-worn, romantic attributes long enough to tell the truth about him, is not what the average person wants; but for those who love their Italy and know their Italians "Italian Life in Town and Country" will prove a treasure—a book to pass around the sacred circle where the word "Dago" is unheard. Pictures of domestic life are delightfully drawn, full of truth and sympathetic humor. The chapter on literature and the press is especially interesting.

It is refreshing to find Signor d'Annunzio placed in his proper niche; a fresh

breeze in a foul atmosphere could not be more grateful. There is indeed a fresh breeze blowing from the beginning to the end of the book, and its tonic effect reminds one of a sunny afternoon in October, when the band plays on the "Pincio" and one looks over at St. Peter's, hopeful and at peace with the world.

K. M. B.

JOHN MALCOLM. *A Novel.* By Edward Fuller. Illustrated. Snow & Farnham, Providence. \$1.50.

THIS story deals with an old man and his troubles on account of having so much money, such disobedient and wilful children, and an adopted relative who is so careless as to be caught by an intriguing companion flirting with a pretty housemaid. There is much that is clever and amusing in the book, and the affection between the old man and the young one is nicely conceived and well handled. Mr. Fuller is more successful with his men than with his women, and in his quieter scenes than in his violent ones—in the latter he is too apt to drop into melodramatics and his women to fall, in their scolding, into a class which is far beneath their social position. His plot is intricate and the outcome is well concealed, and the dénouement delightfully happy and old-fashioned.

S. R.

ADAM RUSH. *By Lynn Roby Meekins.* J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.

A QUARREL between three soldiers in the Mexican war, in which one was killed, and the secret of his death, known only to the two survivors and another, furnishes the motive around which is woven a story of wholesome effort, ending most happily for the deserving.

Mr. Meekins's characters have a familiarity that is refreshing. One does not have to stretch the imagination to picture Samuel Salt, whose early experiences have broadened his heart to the capacity of twenty ordinary men, and whose native

wit and philosophy are part of his stock in trade. David Bradson, the moneyed promoter, has the wherewith to make other men shoulder the odium of his corrupt dealings, not an uncommon character but a true one.

The book just breathes of man's love for woman, but perhaps the most vital is that of the young hero, Adam; while Hona Weatherby is as proud, loyal, and beautiful as befits the station of sweetheart.

"Adam Rush" is not a story of mad passion and endeavor, and no tears fall on the pages.

Its moral lies in duty's path, and the book may be read to the end with an ever-increasing satisfaction in the kindness and helpfulness of human nature.

R. B.

THE STORY OF A STRANGE CAREER.
*Being the Autobiography of a Convict.
An Authentic Document. Edited by
Stanley Waterloo. D. Appleton & Co.,
New York. \$1.20, net.*

THE real life of any man is always interesting—this is a real life, a veritable "human document" of a man who had varied, often crooked, and always interesting experiences. The use of the word "convict" in the sub-title is misleading; for, during the part of the life which the subject details, he is not a convict; only a criminal who bids fair to be one. The part of the life given deals with the career of a common sailor, who was afterward a soldier in the Civil War. The experiences are told clearly and freely; no shame keeps the man from saying what really happened.

The book is thoroughly interesting. It forms an admirable commentary on the books written in imitation of the real thing—all the various novels, tales, diaries, and similar efforts of people who try to get out of their own class. Sometimes these things are interesting and amusing; but they never have an atmosphere of reality; you can always see the kid glove, or the ordinary morals of the educated, in the background. To any interested in "the submerged," this book will be thoroughly interesting, and it is the best book

on war—the ordinary experiences of the ordinary soldier—that has been published for a long time.

F. H.

THE REAL SIBERIA. *By John Foster Fraser. Illustrated by Photographs. D. Appleton & Company, New York. \$2.00, net.*

EUROPE, as the author remarks, is now looking towards Siberia as, half a century ago, it looked towards Western America. It is the wheat field of the world, and Mr. Fraser believes it has the finest grazing to be found in the two hemispheres; the finest horses and unlimited coal, iron, and gold.

The engineers, business men, and speculators of the world are turning their eyes towards that desolate and far-away land which, until recently, has only been known to us as the dreary and frozen place of exile of chain-laden political prisoners and cruel prisons. But the two slender steel rails that have crept across it from Europe to the China Sea, representing the newly completed and wonderful trans-Siberian railroad, are the cause and the token of a new era of vast significance.

Mr. Henry Norman has expressed in his book "All the Russias" some of the ideas suggested by this opening to commerce of unknown Siberia, but the present writer, being neither a philosopher nor student of things political, does not attempt to exploit its commercial or sociological potentialities. He is merely an energetic newspaper man who went by rail from Berlin to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Irkutsk, and thence through Manchuria to Vladivostok, returning the same way except for a loop down the Amur River. His was merely a mission of curiosity, with no other aim than to find out just what travel meant in this part of the world and to write his impressions of what he saw in a readable manner. He had no thrilling adventures, but innumerable incidents, and he has produced a book so sensible, so graphic, and so thoroughly interesting that it makes delightful reading.

W. F. D.

THE GIRL PROPOSITION. *By George Ade.*
R. H. Russell, New York. \$1.00.

WHATEVER may be said of Mr. Ade's fables, the fact remains that he has been successful in striking a popular keynote. His latest collection, which he sub-titles "A Bunch of He and She Fables," comprises twenty-six short selections. Readers have grown familiar with Mr. Ade's peculiar use of capital letters scattered over his pages, so that without them his fables would lose much of their individuality. They are amusing, slangy without being vulgar, and the bits of philosophy which underlie the light veil of humor show the writer's insight into life and character.

Although "The Girl Proposition" has been met with before by many newspaper readers, the preface is new, and it is a gem in its way.

H. A.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES. *By Bettina von Hutten.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

RARITY, a delight! A voice refined to such simplicity that it has become naive; attractively nonchalant, yet veiling very intense longing. A style supremely feminine, of a femininity conscious of its power, not disdain-ing coquetry yet using coquetry as a grace not as a weapon; an absence of effusiveness, an abandon, a high-natured camaraderie, a true *intimité*—"Our Lady of the Beeches" will go direct to a good many hearts.

In it we are aware of more artifice than art; we find many grains of sugar in the cup of sincerity, the necessary suspense is not always so well disguised as to make us feel that the writer's chief aim is a simple statement rather than a theatrical effect; we might wish that she should scheme less, make her subtlety less open, bamboozle us more skilfully, enchant as well as delight us; but this is perhaps wishing for too much. The writer has given us fancy and delicacy, she has insisted that we like her personality very much indeed, she has led us through briar and bush on a love chase so sudden and

unavoidable that we fall at her feet spirit-weary in her own beech forest. There is charm in "Our Lady of the Beeches"—charm and disappointment. It is dangerously attractive reading for those men who, loving many women many times, seriously believe they can love but once. The book hasn't an ounce of immorality, but it drops no unnecessary tribute at the worn altar of domesticity. It is passionate, tender, disturbing. The man and the woman make the good decision, but they don't want to. He returns to the studies of the savant, she to her titled husband and her loneliness among the trees. One kiss has passed between them, and that one kiss must suffice: it is to have no sequence, it is to like life. We close the book angry and agreeing. The world is full of the progeny of Rousseau, and among these the Baroness von Hutten's semi-epistolary little novel, besides being prized for its excellences, ought to run the whole gamut of popularity.

J. S. D.

THE TWO VANREVELS. *By Booth Tarkington.* Illustrated by Henry Huth. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

MR. Booth Tarkington will always suffer from having written "Monsieur Beaucaire." Everything he writes is sure to be deprecatingly compared to that enjoyable romancette (why not?). Yes, even were he to pen a "Tom Jones" or a "Vanity Fair" the critics—a youthful, Frenchy lot, mostly—would shake their well-barbered brows and cry "hem! *ce n'est pas*, Monsieur Beaucaire." Now, Mr. Tarkington may have as emphatic a liking as anybody else for his literary first-born; yet it is not natural for authors to believe that their limits can be instantly reached, that the light of self-excellence is really behind them rather than before, and that the early work they somewhat scorned as seeming incomplete is not only liked but preferred: this preference being, to tell the truth, stunting to a man's ambitions; for it is of the nature of an enclosure instead of a highway, and the future becomes under its influence a little hemmed in.

Yet, with all our sympathy for the au-

thor, we can't call "The Two Vanrevels" a very satisfying book. His rope of art may not have sagged, but it is certainly drawn no tighter than it used to be. Mr. Tarkington seems to have tacitly (or commercially) agreed that his limits are set for all time, and that his disport shall be, within them. He gives us a picture of Indiana in the '40s, and much of the setting is very cleverly done. One of the characters, Crailey Gray—a vagabond so cultured and fanciful that we believe he must have his prototype in some up-to-date Canadian poet—is not untrue to life. But the other principal persons are hardly fleshed and blooded at all. They exist only in one plane, having length but neither breadth nor thickness; they are outlined rather than modelled. And now we come to the chief fault of "The Two Vanrevels"—diffuseness. It seems, indeed, not so much like a novel as a short story long drawn out. The thin wire of narrative is so mercilessly stretched that we are conscious of the tang of the vibrating cord. And to offset it there is no very large thinking or large feeling, no special virtue of drama or avoidance of the commonplace, nothing to repay even in moiety the lavish expenditure of words. The writer has humor, but he too often crushes it by persistence on the humorous point; he has amiability, which at times, however, borders the goody-goody, and his natural sweetness and fluidity of style become frequently insipid from his too loyal adherence to archaic use and his too insatiable a wish for verbal bonbons. It is what we call a Dorothy book, one of the spinet series. The heroine is the most beautiful maiden ever seen, her name is Mistress Betty, and she has, of course, "a charming face, with parted lips and dark eyes beneath the scuttle of an enormous bonnet."

C. N.

THE STARBUCKS. By Opie Reid. Laird & Lee, Chicago. \$1.00.

JUSTICE demands, of course, that books be judged strictly according to the class to which they belong. Measured by this standard, "The Starbucks" must be pronounced a brilliant success: a

more noteworthy contribution to the mirth of nations it would be difficult to designate in modern literature. Indeed, so delightfully unnatural is the story, so grotesquely indifferent to reality, that it achieves the fascination inherent in the gargoyles of Notre Dame. Moreover, it is a strictly moral tale, inculcating in choice language the noblest sentiments of fallen humanity. With a single stroke of the pen all distinctions of class are swept away and love rides triumphant to his goal. To be sure, the heroine—if there may be said to be a heroine—is but the unlettered daughter of an East Tennessee "moonshiner" who conducts his illicit business for strictly "charitable" purposes, while her lover is the pampered son of a Federal judge of spotless lineage—but what of that? Shall true love be weighted down with grammars and hated 'scutcheons? Never, while Mr. Reid remains free of writer's cramp. Nor shall villains escape punishment nor virtue fail of its reward.

The more fortunate among us enjoyed some time ago the opportunity to see the original drama from which the novel has been constructed and from which the tableaux are here reproduced in wondrous manner, as highly colored as the legendary Connecticut butterfly.

W. W. W.

THE LAST WORD. By Alice McGowan. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THIS book illustrates in pronounced degree the faults and merits which are generally considered essentially feminine. Furthermore, it is too autobiographical in tone, becoming tiresome in the manner that a friend's confidences finally weary us. Moreover, it is a sad mistake to spread over more than four hundred pages material deserving of hardly half that space. "The Last Word" should have formed the subject of a novelette, or of a half-indicated, half-told story, such as "Ships That Pass in the Night" or "An Experiment in Altruism." As such it would have been delightful. Or had the writer been able to infuse into her narrative the fire and passion of "Jane Eyre," the four hun-

dred pages would have found their justification. Lacking this, the book as a whole can hardly be called aught but a failure, despite much freshness, humor, and vivacity of style. Indeed, the vivacity is a little overdone, as in the body of a novel which bids for serious consideration we are wont to demand rather more dignity than goes to the making of a Western "sketch." Miss McGowan has evidently been through the newspaper syndicate "mill," for she describes it well and without effort. It is in this atmosphere that her heroine is plunged—a local Texas celebrity who has been imported to New York to do "special" work. The motif of the story is the love for each other of the new importation and the president of the publishing company, a forceful young man with unpleasantly old-fashioned ideas on the subject of women and their need of love and stifling protection. To get him cured of these ideas is the difficult task of the heroine and author; but in the end they succeed, and the last word is finally spoken on page 439.

T. L. G.

THE QUEEN OF QUELPARTE. *By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

IN the hands of a competent writer Mr. Hulbert's story might have been made most interesting. Everything necessary to a good tale of adventure is here: novelty, plot, picturesque setting, historical background—yet despite these advantages and the inestimable one of knowing at first hand the country of which he is writing, the author has failed in his effort to interest us. According to his own statement, he was a witness of many of the events following the war between China and Japan, and undoubtedly there attaches to his story in a general way an element of picturesque reality that baffles analysis, but which is best defined by the word "journalistic." Indeed, this word admirably defines the book as a whole: it is a chain of unusual and intrinsically interesting events set in the form of a story, but in the narration of which is lacking the leaven of a knowledge of human na-

ture. Moreover, there is a certain haziness of detail everywhere present which constantly disturbs credulity and destroys the pleasant fiction of actual participation in the adventures of the hero. The style is distinctly "journalistic." In fact, the book serves best to demonstrate the author's need of a thorough course in English grammar and literature. His one hope lies in the extreme youth which this, his first effort, reveals.

It is perhaps a case of supererogation to state that the name "Quelparte" is a metonymy for Corea. Of the illustrations the only merit which can be predicated is that they are not more numerous.

B. W.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT. *Studies in International Relations, Naval and Political. By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain United States Navy. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.60, net.*

THIS compilation of essays, all originally published in magazines, has more in it of interest to the historian and student of politics than to the naval man. The subjects are many and varied; and that they are very much up-to-date may be guessed from the titles, such as "The Influence of the South African War upon the Prestige of the British Empire" and "Admiral Sampson," the last-named essay having been written soon after the death of the Santiago commander-in-chief, and containing certain qualities, both human and literary, that separate it in a general way from the rest of the writer's work, wherein is seldom found so much simple reminiscence or emotion. In this case he speaks with the charming candor of a boy; he goes back to scenes of his midshipman-days; best of all, he gives us convincing insight into the commanding attributes of the dead admiral, and ends by declaring that "history will unquestionably recognize and affirm Sampson's eminence as an officer." And as Captain Mahan is the very voice of fairness and unprejudice; as we have never known him to exhibit any bias whatever; as his mind seems equally incapable of exaggeration and insufficient

statement; as he is always arbitrating, deciding, judging, his conclusions have a value. He never speaks unless he has studied exhaustively, and all that he says is worth hearing. He has a liking for preparation, for building; he organizes, designs with rule and compass, he is important without being pompous, mathematical rather than argumentative. Captain Mahan has a fondness for the exact meaning of words rather than their suggestive meaning; yet here lies the writer's weakness; for these qualities, so indispensable to the logician, injure, in the absence of vital emotion, anything like literary style. The writer's articles are not tedious but they are often colorless, they are too squarely blocked out to be artistic, too careful of denotation to be musical. He will not let one dove of suggestion wing out from the merciless ark of accuracy; and worst of all, he is not even sailor-like, briny. It is hard of belief that this Aristidean arbitrator has ever stumped the quarter-deck with a smoky gale washing his sou-wester, has ever lit his pipe and yarned with his cronies, or gone into battle without, like Goethe, making notes on the theory of light when the great guns spat out of the dark! He doesn't affect us with the humanness either of "Bob" Evans or of His Excellency the author of "Cromwell" and "The Rough Riders." Yet there is, after all, room in literature for Captain Mahan.

J. S. D.

FRANCEZKA. *By Molly Elliott Seawell. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.*

THE charm in "Francezka" is the charm of Molly Elliott Seawell's own personality. The woman who can dominate a Washington drawing-room with her wit and who can arrest a dozen vis-à-vis conversations while she tells stunning stories with inimitable persiflage cannot help being original and acceptable all the way through a hundred and fifty thousand words.

The story of "Francezka" is told by Captain Babache, of the bodyguard of Count Saxe, the great marshal of France under Louis XV. This captain maintains at his sword point that Saxe is the

bravest man, the finest man, the handsomest man, the man most dreaded by his foes, the most loved by his friends, and most incomparable with the ladies, the first soldier of all time—in short, the most superb, most terrible, and the most admirable man who has ever lived. Such a proposition laid down at the outset is appetizing enough, and the author maintains the quizzical romance of Captain Babache's challenge to the end.

Francezka herself is a notable personage. Her chief lovers are two brothers, Gaston and Reynard Cheverny, who look more alike than two peas, but who differ as the hero differs from the villain. After a secret marriage to Gaston, both Gaston and Reynard completely disappear in one of the wars. Francezka spends her fortune in searching for a lost husband through the Austrian military prisons. After two years Reynard, personating Gaston, appears. The eager wife does not know the deception. But as the years wear on the frightful truth slowly dawns upon her. Finally Gaston, escaped from a dungeon, appears before the pair, is acknowledged by his wife, is slain in an immediate duel, the appalled Francezka leaps into the wintry lake, and the tragedy is complete.

No fault can be found with this new use of an old plot, but the construction is so cumbersome and stretched-out that Miss Seawell's bright style is all that saves the story from being tedious. The endless addition of episodes, covering many years, gives the book almost the character of annals. There is a deplorable lack of the tense development which differentiates a novel from a narrative. Moreover, the various personages pale out. The gorgeous swashbuckler Babache tames down to almost anybody. Francezka, even, loses her gleaming personality and becomes undistinguished save in her tragic fate.

F. B.

EDGES. *By Alice Woods. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.*

IT is seldom that one finds a book the reading of which leaves such a pleasant after-glow as this work of Miss Woods. Most books bore us a trifle as we approach

the last few pages, yet in this instance there cannot fail to be a decided reluctance at parting with the characters brought so clearly under our notice by the author. They seem like old friends, and we turn the last page with regret.

"Edges" is artistic from cover to cover. It is interesting from the outset, and it is written with an infinite skill that leaves the impression that one has looked on a very beautiful painting and absorbed some of the atmosphere. Throughout the book the descriptive work and the word pictures remind one of the writings of Robert Chambers. The color system of conveying an idea is used liberally and with great effect.

The originality both of the plot and of the detail is almost daring in its conception. Bordering at many times on the questionable side of life, there is, nevertheless, not a word or a thought that can be construed as risqué. The work is clean and wholesome throughout.

For the drawing of her characters, too, Miss Woods deserves high praise. Her woman is a womanly woman, who thinks and acts as a woman must and always will—impulsively. Her hero, who remains nameless, is a manly man, and the boy—ah, there is a character which in itself makes the book well worth the reading. If this author should ever write a book of juvenile life it should make her famous.

All in all, "Edges" is an exceptional book. There can be nothing but praise for it, and that, too, of the highest character. The name, the cover, the illustrations, and the printing are all of a kind in keeping with the text itself. In every way the artistic atmosphere is kept intact throughout, and the true literary merit of the book should secure for it a high place among the well written and really clever books of the year.

H. A. V.

OUT OF GLOUCESTER. By James B. Connolly. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

OUT of Gloucester" is a splendid book to flee to when the doctor or your own inner consciousness prescribes sea air. Any one of the six stories in it—stories technically short, but

actually much longer than they seem to the excited reader—carries you away with a rush from yourself and all humdrum surroundings and petty troubles, "out into the light of things"—into the domain of jolly mariners, keen with the tang of the "nor'easter," alive with the high spirit of adventure. Here is romance—true romance, whose heroes are intensely alive, their antagonists the elemental forces, the scene of their daring the open ocean or the harbors of the North. This is the sort of thing Kipling tried to do in "Captains Courageous." He failed because, clever as he was, he could not get inside the life, could not become a veritable part of it, and so could not describe, in action, the forces which he could accurately observe at rest. Mr. Connolly knows his Gloucester; he has lived with, loved, and admired its fishermen for years. Hence the tingle of bluff reality in all that he writes about them. On your first dip into the book, you are greeted by a whiff from the open in some verses from the ballad of "The Echo o' the Morn":

"Lights out and southern courses,
Let her head come 'round,
Devil take the British forces—
Here's the 'Echo,' homeward bound."

The second story, which properly belongs with this ballad, tells of the glorious chase wherein an American fisherman escaped the clutches of a British revenue cutter, in the days of the "late unpleasantness" between Canadians and Gloucestermen about "fishing inside the shore limits."

"Clancy" is rather different from the rest—the story of a colossal hoax perpetrated by a reprehensibly engaging rascal upon a Newfoundland collector of customs; it has somewhat the effect of a work of W. W. Jacobs, translated into terms of the open sea, and printed in capitals. "A Fisherman of Costla," too, differs from the others—and far surpasses them all, I think—by grace of the tenderness with which the character of the warm-hearted Irish fisherman is studied. In this story your interest is gripped not only by the splendid daring of the

mad dash across Galway Bay for the sake of "the fatherless childer in America," but also by the short scene between Gerald Donohue and his little son in the poor old fishing-boat at night. The pathos, the strength of Gerald's soliloquy are as wonderful as the description of his exploit. Mr. Connolly is a master of the art of monologue—monologue that reveals, at every turn, the character of the speaker, and that suits perfectly the tale he has to tell. The shining characteristic of the book is its rugged virility. It is a man's book, about men. The romance is the romance, not "of the way of a man with a maid," but that of "the way of a ship in the midst of the sea."

J. K. H.

WILLIAM HAZLITT. *By Augustine Birrell.* MATTHEW ARNOLD. *By Herbert W. Paul.* GEORGE ELIOT. *By Leslie Stephen.* *English Men of Letters Series.* The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents each.

THE series to which these three volumes are additions has for many years deservedly ranked as an excellent summary of the best critical exposition of the works of the writers included in it. Mr. John Morley, the responsible editor, chose his subjects and the writers who dealt with them with admirable judgment; and we welcome gladly the continuation as exemplified in the newer issues.

Mr. Birrell subjects Hazlitt to no very harsh treatment. The many opportunities which Hazlitt offers for severe and drastic censure Mr. Birrell kindly ignores, and, with a wise sympathy, glosses over the idiosyncrasies of his hot-headed Radical and equally hot-headed Bonaparte enthusiast, with that quiet and urbane expression which is so characteristic of the author of "Obiter Dicta." Hazlitt was undoubtedly a gifted man, gifted especially with a power to express himself in words that not only objectified his every thought, but carried his reader on the rush with him. Much of his language is just sheer talk, repeating in astonishingly varied phrases and with a remarkable flow the emotions he felt.

Often it mattered little whether the emotions had any foundation in his reason. It sufficed that he felt it—that was enough to cause him to open out a torrent of seething, raging, and enraging language. He loved and hated in extremes; and yet he had in an unusual measure the gifts of the sane critic. He could write of the poets with fine discrimination and with a select taste for what in them was excellent; but with them he was not irritated by prejudices against personalities. Where personalities were concerned he could hate with a blindness that was almost maddening.

Mr. Birrell does well taking Hazlitt as he does. It would be a grave critical error as well as a great injustice to Hazlitt to deal with this excellent writer of English from the standpoint of the smug academic. Hazlitt gave himself thoroughly and even ingenuously to his work, and his writings are a part of the man's nature. Mr. Birrell never forgets that, and we are glad that he does not.

We are not quite convinced of the advisability of including Arnold and George Eliot in this series. We take it that this series should deal with those writers only upon whom a dispassionate and matured verdict has already been precipitated by means of the process of time. If we are right, then surely both Matthew Arnold and George Eliot are still of our age, and we are not able to judge them impartially. There are many of us alive who knew them both, and who still treasure reminiscences of the stir made in the literary world by the publication of "Essays in Criticism," "Literature and Dogma," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Adam Bede." Our doubt is emphasized by Mr. Paul's treatment of his subject on the one hand, and Sir Leslie Stephen's of his on the other. Mr. Paul will have it that Arnold is the poet more than he is the essayist and controversialist. Sir Leslie Stephen is more judicious, and gives George Eliot a high place for her delineation of the country people of the English Midlands, though he sets much less store by her other works. It would be quite out of our province to discuss here whether either or both are right or wrong. The fact that differences

in critical judgments are immediately aroused is an argument to have kept out of the series subjects which are still raw and unmeliorated for the critical taste, and towards which the most self-centred of judges cannot help extending the personal bias. Arnold and George Eliot are personages with whom or against whom we once took sides; their lives and works are the product of an age for which our sympathies are still alive.

We have but one word to say against the argument that Arnold will live by his poetry and not by his prose. Arnold's poetry is the result of a mind seeking consolation in the midst of a very critical and inquiring age. It is not the product of that reaction born of a lively joy with existence, but the precipitation of a melancholy leading to resignation. That, we contend, is not the highest, or even an approach to the highest, form of poetry. Poetry to Arnold was a criticism of life, and his work shows how well he lived up to his definition; but even Mr. Paul does not accept this as the truth of poetry. Arnold's prose, however, in spite of the defect of repetition which his biographer does well to point out, is stamped with the classic qualities of distinction and urbanity. No one can read his essays on, for instance, "Marcus Aurelius" and "Joubert," without yielding to their charm and inspiration.

For George Eliot, there is also a place with those who see in Dorothea Casaubon and Tito not merely individuals but types, and if it be true, as Sir Leslie Stephen says, that, in delineating these, George Eliot was somewhat out of touch with the actual world, it is also true, as he does not fail to point out, that they are both the work of extraordinary power, evincing subtle and acute observation. But her final position as a writer may not yet be fixed.

T. S.

THE WEAVING OF WEBS. By F. W. Van Praag. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. \$1.50.

WAR and the bloodshed of battle offer a tempting field for the novelist, but it is a field fraught with pitfalls. The most obvious of these dan-

gers is that of overcrowding the picture, of attempting to usurp the functions of the historian as well as the romancer. This may be successfully accomplished, as shown by Zola in "La Débâcle," but for the painting of such heroic canvases Anglo-Saxon genius is not ripe.

Evidently Mr. Van Praag was conscious of the dangers of his undertaking, and wittingly abstained from giving to the world an exhaustive picture of the struggle between the North and the South. In consequence he has succeeded in producing a readable story, with the Peninsula Campaign of McClellan as background, against which is projected the clearly outlined figures of hero and heroine. With little apparent effort, and at the cost of scant description, the author has drawn two life-like, attractive personalities, in whose adventures and mutual passion the reader cannot fail to entertain lively interest. Moreover, the accompanying roar of battle is unmistakably that of real cannon, but it is not of such volume as to drown all else. Indeed, in the vividness of numerous passages Mr. Van Praag arouses recollection of "The Red Badge of Courage." But with this has been exhausted his measure of praise. Viewed in retrospect, the story does not rise above the level of meritorious effort. It is entirely lacking in the "compelling" qualities which mark the great novel. Furthermore, it labors under the blight of being essentially sketchy. As these, however, are sins of omission, not of commission, and as the author's style is good, we are justified in looking for something stronger from his pen in the future.

W. W. W.

FOLLY IN THE FOREST. By Carolyn Wells. Henry Altman Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.

MISS Wells's book seems at first blush to be setting itself up as a rival to the inimitable "Alice in Wonderland." The heroine, "little Folly" (her real name was Florinda), wanders through the book, meeting strange creatures, talking affably with birds and beasts, vying with them in re-

citing rhymed and unrhymed nonsense. But Folly's country, the Forest of the Past, is not reached by way of Dreamland—at least, you are not told that it is. It is, moreover, divided—like the Gaul of our beloved Commentaries—into three parts, *Mythologica*, *Historalia*, and *Litrachooria*. The characters, too, come into the book singly or in small groups, like performers in a vaudeville, not to reappear at all. Indeed, the whole effect is of a clever vaudeville, with three different stage "sets," and with Folly for interlocutor all through. The performers include many old friends—Pegasus, the Sphinx, Dick Whittington's Cat, Crusoe's Goat, Poe's Raven, and other clever folks. Conundrums, bits of nonsense rhyme, puns—all sorts of sky-rocket witticisms—are shot off at little Folly with alarming rapidity. But she is equal to the situation, as no child of Miss Wells's brain could fail to be.

"How can a cat best catch a mouse?" queries the Sphinx. "Hide herself in a mouse-trap and mew like a piece of cheese," responds her small visitor. Altogether, the show is great fun. Considered as an imitation of "Alice in Wonderland," Folly is a failure. She cannot come within a million miles of the sweet, whimsical universality of her prototype. But taken for what she is, apart from comparisons, Folly must be reckoned a success. Moreover, an enjoyment of her adventures does not presuppose a knowledge of the beasts in the Forest of the Past—it is simply a jolly and unusual form of introduction to these creatures, so that the child who runs across them in his later reading will be able to hail them as old friends, every one. He would better not expect them to look like Mr. Birch's pictures, however. They lack imagination, and several other desirable qualities.

J. K. H.

IN THE MORNING GLOW. By Roy Rolfe Gilson. Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.

THIS is a collection of short stories, or, more properly, human nature studies, most of which have appeared in "Harper's" during the past year. They tell of quiet family life in an Amer-

ican small town, as seen through the eyes of a loving—but sometimes naughty—little boy, whose horizon is bounded by the home circle, and whose world is made up of members in that circle. The author, travelling back along the years, tells of "Grandfather," "Grandmother," "Little Sister," "Mother," and "Father" as they seemed to his childish vision long ago, touched now with "the tender grace of a day that is dead." The "stories" lack plot and action; their character-painting is, in and of itself, the slightest; each is a mere series of sketches. But what sketches! They would suffer from greater finish in detail, for as they stand every one, with its delicate, restrained suggestiveness, opens the flood-gates of memory in the reader's mind. Stories of alien life and alien people rouse forward-reaching imagination. These lead your fancy back . . . back . . . back . . . lighting up with affectionate ideality every dear familiar object on the way, till you exclaim with Mr. Gilson, "Oh, it was golden in the morning glow, when you were a little boy!" The self-created terrors of imaginative childhood, its "cookie or spanking" standards of conduct, its apparently whimsical likes and dislikes—even Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" has not brought these more vividly to our remembrance. The very speech of childhood and its modes of thought are reproduced with more delicate accuracy than that of James Whitcomb Riley or of Eugene Field.

It is difficult to praise one study particularly when almost all are so good. Only two seem inadequate: "When Aunt Jane Played" is so slight that it hardly justifies its appearance in the book, and "The Toy Grenadier" is downright bad—you cannot help wondering why, having made the mistake of printing it once, the publishers should repeat their blunder. Only a more skilful worker than Mr. Gilson yet is could have successfully combined the reminiscent tale of home life with the tortuously imaginative romance of a wooden soldier and a rag doll—and the attempt is not worth making. Of the other studies, however, you can say, with all emphasis, that they are worth doing, and that they are worthy

done. The subject matter is absolutely unique. Never before, I feel certain, has a writer given us a sincerely romantic portrayal of the home life that is common to most Americans—not slum dwellers, not “farm types,” not “old families,” with or without wealth—just the everyday “folks” who live in small towns, keep shop, have dinner in the middle of the day, and take care of their own children. In his search for the picturesque the ordinary writer neglects wholly the great middle class, from which he probably sprang, and goes far afield for “bits” more obviously alluring, perhaps, in that their “possibilities” meet the tyro half-way—but not so intimately dear to the heart of the race, nor more worthy the touch of great art. Mr. Gilson has something of the spirit of those old painters who selected sweet, human, fallible mothers and children as models for pictures that were to express to all time the sanctity of motherhood. He has chosen to embody the great and glowing principle of family love in the terms of familiar commonplace—or perhaps it would be better to say that he has lifted the veil of commonplace and shown the beautiful truth of things that lay behind it all the while. And he brings his stories nearer yet to you by a certain warm intimacy of style; he uses the second personal pronoun all through. “When you are a little boy,” he says, “the world is just as wide as your eyes.” The book is not autobiographical in form, but it cannot be other than autobiographically read—and therein lies its distinctive, happy charm. This charm Alice Barber Stephens has enhanced by her marvelously sympathetic illustrations.

J. K. H.

DONOVAN PASHA. *By Gilbert Parker.*
Illustrated by R. Talbot Kelly. D. Appleton & Company, New York. \$1.50.

TO those who have grown to think of Gilbert Parker—in spite of his Australian tales and his Jersey novel—purely as a Canadian, a frequent tiller of one field, “Donovan Pasha” comes in the way of rebuke. It shows him to

everybody, as he has long been to the discerning, like Kipling, a writer of the Empire, of the greater Britain. These stories of a boyish English younger son, who ruled a Khedive and through him ruled Egypt, disclose a Parker of far wider and broader range than many had suspected. He knows the East; he has even learned something of the intricacies of the Oriental mind, and these strange things he manages to make real and vivid to us. And interwoven with everything is the even more wonderful story of masterful Anglo-Saxon domination, an irresistible force whose workings make a tale more fascinating than all the mysteries of the East together. Gilbert Parker has seen this romance of the modern age in the midst of an ancient glamour, and like Kipling has made himself its apostle.

Indeed, his stories sound strangely like this author's throughout; not that one is imitator of the other, but that both had their inspiration from the same source, nursed on the same imperial bosom. Donovan Pasha, Kingsley Bey, and Ismail the Khedive are all distinctly Kipling's type of men; and the women of the book (as much for their infrequency as anything) are like Kipling's women. The style, too, is not wholly different from Kipling's straightforward Biblical manner of speech, so plain and simple, yet so full of tremendous suggestion. Compressed, these tales are as nothing Parker has ever written before. In “*Pierre and His People*,” his earliest volume of short stories, for instance, he explains his characters; in “*Donovan Pasha*” he places them before us, alive and doing things, and lets us see and hear for ourselves. Like the men and women we meet, we must read them by their deeds and their words, with no deus ex machina in the shape of an author to elucidate. This little Dicky Donovan, though of his personal appearance we are told only his size and the color of his hair, and of his mind's inward workings nothing at all—yet how much clearer a figure he is than “*Pretty Pierre*” of the far North, who is a completed character at the end of one tale.

Yes, the stories of “*Donovan Pasha*” have what so many short stories lack, an

underlying spirit running through them all, which gives not only continuity, but life. If they were not short stories, we might place them among the first of what Parker has already written, but with such a novel as "The Right of Way" behind us that is impossible. No short story can be the climax of Parker's work; and therein lies the great difference between him and Kipling, who has yet to write a novel worthy to stand beside "The Jungle Book" stories and "Without Benefit of Clergy."

S. L. S.

FRIARS AND FILIPINOS. *By José Rizal. Translated by Frank E. Gannett. Lewis, Scribner & Co., New York. \$1.25.*

THIS volume, which gives a very clear insight into Filipino life, was written by Dr. Rizal, in the Tagalog language, in 1886. As the translator explains, the author suffered much at the hands of the friars in his native land, and his works have been severely condemned by them. When late in life he returned to the Islands from Europe, Rizal was put to death, through what Mr. Gannett claims was an infamous plot concocted by his enemies. The translator further explains that Rizal's writings are in nowise a reflection on the Catholic church, as a whole, and asserts that the Filipino writer lived and died a good Catholic.

As a work of fiction the book is exceedingly interesting. The plot is good, the action quick, and the setting picturesque. Unfortunately the author has found it necessary to break the thread of his story innumerable times in order to throw a strong light on the manners and customs of the natives. This detracts from the interest in the book as a work of fiction, while at the same time it adds to its value as one of instruction.

Throughout the book the author condemns the friars in no uncertain terms, and it is to be deplored that the intense bitterness that Rizal felt on this topic should have been allowed to show itself so plainly in his writings. While much of the condemnation is, without doubt, fully deserved, it must be borne in mind

that Dr. Rizal deals with only one side of a very mixed question; seeing things as they were, no doubt, but from only one point of view.

The book is well worth the reading, especially by those who desire to keep abreast of the times, and wish to be informed on topics that are at present attracting much attention. For the work of interpretation Mr. Gannett deserves praise. His language is simple and concise, and, notwithstanding the fact that Tagalog is a particularly difficult tongue to translate into English, Mr. Gannett has succeeded in keeping intact the atmosphere of the original writing to a surprising degree.

H. A. V.

THE SHADOW OF THE CZAR. *By John R. Carling. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

IN "The Shadow of the Czar" Mr. Carling, a new writer, has given us a book that must be taken with several grains of salt. The author has crowded into his work a series of startling situations, some of which are not only improbable but impossible. There appears to have been a strong desire on the part of Mr. Carling to make the book as melodramatic as possible, and in this he has succeeded.

The plot is centered about the love of a young Englishman for the Princess Barbara of the little principality of Czernova, in Poland, and most of the scenes are in that country. The hero, Paul, is a very good young man—much too good to be taken seriously. His achievements in behalf of the princess are wondrous. That part of the story which deals with the hero's imprisoning his superior officers, and taking command of the garrison over their heads, can scarcely fail to be ridiculed by those of the reading public who are not entirely ignorant of British army methods and the definition of the word mutiny.

Mr. Carling, however, shows promise. He displays ability in handling a deeply involved plot; his dialogues are well written, and, with the soft pedal vigorously applied, he may write a book more worthy

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of praise than "The Shadow of the Czar."

H. A. V.

A SEA TURN AND OTHER MATTERS. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

"A SEA Turn" is as deliciously executed and impossible as a Molière farce. It all seems so humanly sure, yet so divinely out of the question, that one is kept laughing from both points of view at once. And just before we have had too much laughter, behold! we are in a fairyland of color, fancy, and melodious phrase. Mr. Aldrich knows unerringly the moment for relief, either from jesting or seriousness. His pulse beats along with ours. He has a chair at the reader's hearth.

How subtly inwoven, how precise, is the whole delicate tracery! What an admirable craftsman he is with his blending of beauty and mathematics! With what equality, wholesome restraint, fluidity, and fulness of experience he leads us, like the genial enchanter he is, to the unexpected climax, which happens, nevertheless, to be exactly the climax we would want. Mr. Aldrich possesses that extremely classic gift—the gift that Goldsmith had *par excellence*—of making the reader sensuously pleased with himself as well as with the writer.

J. S. D.

EAGLE BLOOD. By James Creelman. Illustrated by Rose Cecil O'Neill. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.

THE only reason for noticing "Eagle's Blood" is that it is written by Mr. James Creelman. When a journalist of his distinction writes a novel the book cannot be treated as it would be if it were done by a less considerable personage.

It is interesting to speculate how so clever and so straight-seeing a man as the brilliant war correspondent could fail

to be a fairly keen critic of his own novel. He would recognize crudity, clumsiness, and the inartistic in another man's novel; but the many pages of really fine journalistic writing which he has got into "Eagle Blood" seemed to make him unaware of his own amateurishness in construction, conversation, and character-work, while his hero, an English viscount who passes through the stages of impecuniousness, New York newspaper reporting, and military service in the Philippines under Uncle Sam, to a renunciation of his title and naturalization as an American citizen, all because of a girl, is passably convincing, every other character in the book is fantastic, overdrawn, or melodramatic.

If the author knew his people, it was in a crude newspaper way, but he had no notion of the delicate art by which the novelist indicates their personality and gives them speech. Their patriotic sentiments and weird villainies would be screaming delights to a Third Avenue theatre gallery; and the marvel is that a man who can write such interesting news-letters as Mr. Creelman should not have recognized his own clumsiness in this attempt at art.

It is another illustration of the extreme difficulty with which the long-trained newspaper man, enamored with his own valuable dash of style, can achieve anything in a field which requires merciless self-criticism.

F. B.

LOVE-STORY MASTERPIECES. *An Idyl of First Love* by George Meredith. *A "Dream Life" Love-Story* by Donald G. Mitchell. *The Sire de Malétroit's Door* by Robert Louis Stevenson. *The Autocrat and the Schoolmistress* by Oliver Wendell Holmes. *William S. Lord, Evanston*. \$1.25.

THESE four stories are admirable companions in a single volume, most attractively printed. It is a book made specially for the collector and book lover, and is a welcome addition to a shelf already rich in beautiful reprints.

